

Life

FIFTEEN CENTS



oil
own
in
now
and
t to
ant.
itor
rote
on
are
d in
urry
s it.
gh,
on't
see
m"
her
to
red
am-
do
ory
nsas
ngs.
olin
re?
per
on
ub-
ow.
ere-
Job
ORS
1918



When a tire bursts, this can save your lives!

So put LIFE GUARD TUBES in the tires on your family car

You see illustrated here a cross-section of a new kind of inner tube for automobile tires.

It has two air chambers, one inside the other, with a tiny vent between.

The whole purpose of this special tube is to give you *that vital interval of time after a blowout* that you need to bring your speeding car to a safe stop under control.

It does that when a tire bursts by retaining a quantity of air under slow release in the inner chamber, so that the "let-down" effect is somewhat



A How LIFE GUARD tube looks inside the tire when fully inflated



B When tire blows out, air escapes immediately from outer tube chamber — but tire rides on air left in two-ply fabric reinforced inner chamber. This reserve air whistles slowly out of vent hole, which enables car to stop safely

like that of a slow leak.

We call this safety tube the "LIFE GUARD," and hundreds of tests—in which 1300 different constructions were developed—show it to be accurately named.

We have spiked, slashed, exploded thousands of tires in these tests, on cars speeding at 50, 60, 70 miles an hour and better.

In not one instance has the LIFE GUARD failed to enable the driver to avoid swerve and swing in that critical instant after a blow-

out when life or death hangs by a hair.

In every instance it has given the driver that precious time he needed to get his swift-moving car under control and slowed down to a safe straight-line stop.

LIFE GUARD tubes are neither cheap to build nor cheap to buy.

Their mission is not to save money but to save life.



Like the famed Goodyear Double Eagle Tire, the new LIFE GUARD tube is built to a specific purpose regardless of cost, and is admittedly better than normal need requires. It is intended for those to whom maximum safety and peace of mind are worth a premium, and who are willing and able to pay for that maximum. Full explanation of either of these super-standard Goodyear products will be gladly given you by any Goodyear Dealer

THE GREATEST NAME

IN RUBBER

GOOD YEAR



His ships travel the Seven Seas but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!

"Pink Tooth Brush" began it

SAFETY is his code for every ship and crew! His skippers have orders to "never take a chance." He'd break an officer who disregarded a hurricane signal. But when that warning tinge of "pink" showed up on his tooth brush, he absolutely ignored it.

He wouldn't stop for "pink tooth brush." He thought his general good health would pull him through, would correct this condition. *But today he's a dental cripple.*

Today he is forced to admit that he was wrong, and that his dentist was right. Today he knows that the modern diet of soft, well-cooked, creamy foods does rob the teeth and gums of work and health. Today he wishes that he had

helped his tender, ailing gums to better health—while there was still time.

When your own tooth brush shows "pink"—use your common sense. Don't wait for nature to heal your gums. Nature won't do it. Get a tube of Ipana and begin to care for your gums—as well as your teeth.

Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. For Ipana, with massage, aids in getting a healthy circulation started, rouses sluggish gums, helps restore their normal firmness.

And when your gums are protected against "pink tooth brush," they're in little danger from serious disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are more brilliant—and far safer.

Professional Opinion says:

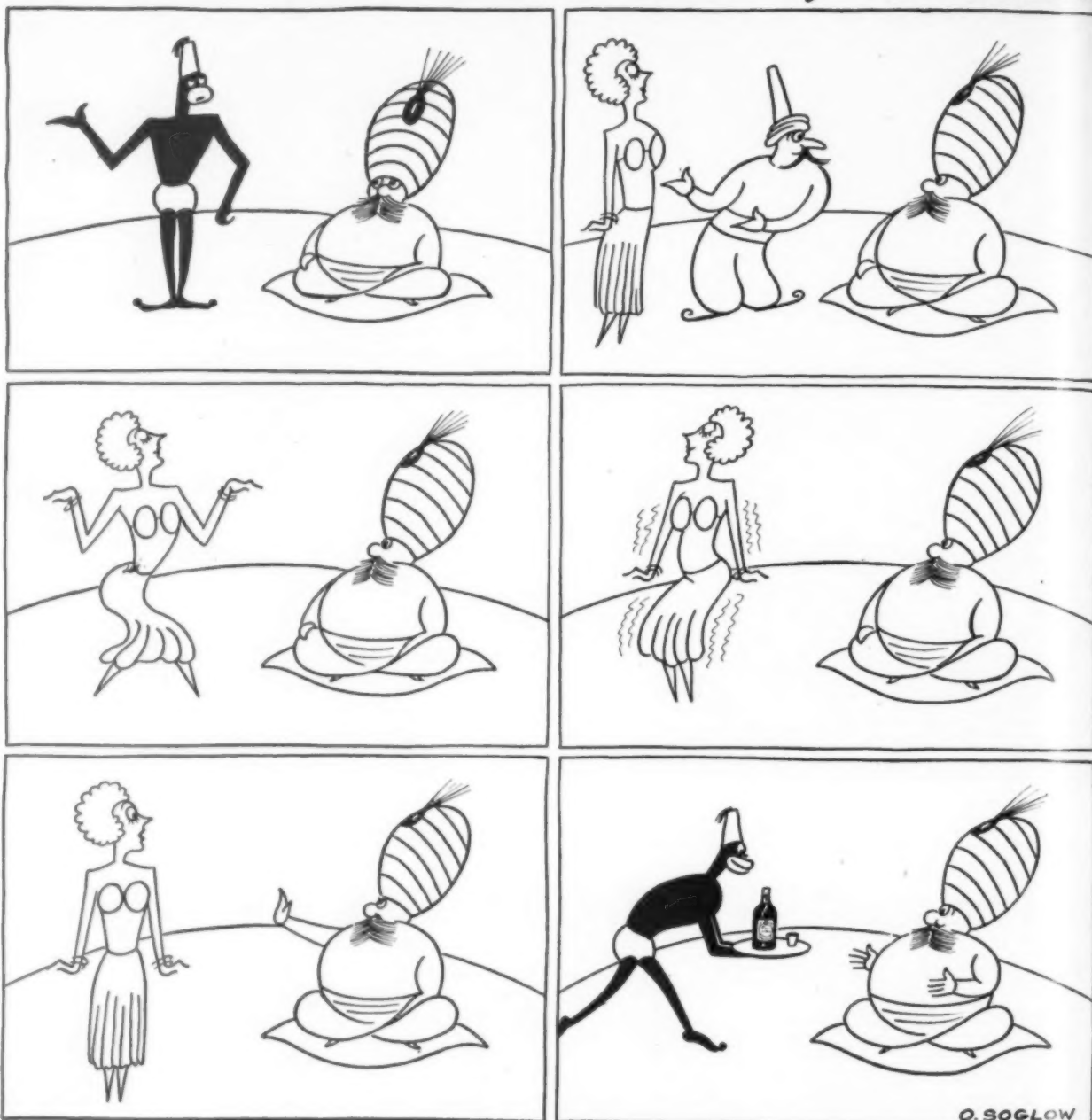
- *By a dental authority:*
"Most of the food today requires but little chewing."
- *A British expert urges:*
"Give the teeth and surrounding tissues the exercise they need."
- *From a standard text:*
"There are two ways of aiding low disease resistance in the mouth. One is to use the teeth in a vigorous manner in chewing coarse, fibrous food. The other is by massage of the gums."

IPANA

Tooth Paste



GENTLEMEN PREFER BLENDS — *by* O. SOGLOW



Penn Maryland

Blended Whiskey

DE LUXE (*Rye or Bourbon*) • IMPERIAL • REGAL

FOR SALE AT ALL GOOD BARS AND LIQUOR STORES

SPONSORED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST DISTILLING ORGANIZATION

Copyright 1935 by Penn-Maryland Corp.

A Division of



Executive Offices: New York City, N. Y.

National Distillers

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.



"STOP & GO" SERVICE

THEATRE — MOVIES — SPORTS
BOOKS — RECORDS — "GO" PLACES

+ +

THEATRE

George Jean Nathan

Accent on Youth, by Samson Raphaelson. Intermittently amusing comedy that sends the older boys from the theatre puffing out their chests in the beaming conviction that the playwright hasn't kidded them with the proposition that a young girl is bored no end by younger men and can be made to experience a hot glow only by men past fifty. *Plymouth, W. 45th.*

A Journey by Night, by Leo Perutz. A dramatic fossil. *Shubert, W. 44th.*

Anything Goes, by Cole Porter, Russel Crouse, et al. The show that hasn't registered a dissenting vote, with Victor Moore and the rest of the troupe still as fresh as ever, Spring fever or no Spring fever. *Alvin, W. 52nd.*

Awake and Sing, by Clifford Odets. Make it green in the way of a character study of Bronx non-Aryans even if it ranks the yellow as soundly composed drama. The Group Theatre, however, gradually is showing the way to the Theatre Guild. *Belasco, W. 44th.*

Ceiling Zero, by Frank Wead. An aviation movie misplaced in the dramatic theatre. A good production and a good cast wasted on an obvious Hollywood script. *Music Box, W. 45th.*

Flowers of the Forest, by John Van Druten. Anti-war drama with a dash of Van Druten's characteristically nimble writing and nicely presented by Katharine Cornell, but on the whole dated and not especially stimulating. *Beck, W. 45th.*

Laburnum Grove, by J. B. Priestley. Once again Priestley reduces the Pirandello metaphysic to the more popular comedy formula, but he negotiates the job in so satisfactorily literate and cunning a manner that his ballot is marked with the critical X. *Masque, W. 45th.*

Lady of Letters, by Turner Bullock. A young female nitwit passes off an impoverished young fellow's novel as her own in a comedy with immediate storehouse leanings. *Mansfield, W. 47th.*

Personal Appearance, by Lawrence Riley. Your humble servant and perhaps the author seem to be the only two persons in New York who remain unconvinced that, for all an occasional funny line and a large performance by Gladys George (*boch!*), it is the swellest comedy since Molière. *Miller, W. 43rd.*

Petticoat Fever, by Mark Reed. Dennis King jumps around a lot as a substitute for farce acting in a dinkspiel wherein a Labrador wireless station setting is substituted in turn for a new farcical idea. *Ritz, W. 48th.*

Potash and Perlmutter, by Montague Glass and Charles Klein. Revival of the old favorite, but it has lost almost all of its erstwhile humorous sauce. *Park, W. 58th.*

Revenge With Music, by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. The tunes are still pleasing, the settings and costumes are still attractive, and the dancing is still lively, but something seems to have happened to the whole with the passing of the months, although Libby Holman remains very libbyish. *New Amsterdam, W. 42nd.*

The Children's Hour, by Lillian Hellman. A gossip child brings ruin to the lives of two of her women teachers in the season's foremost contribution to the native drama. *Elliott, W. 39th.*

The Great Waltz, by Moss Hart with Strauss 3/4 time. It has already taken in a million dollars at the box-office and critically it remains worth about thirty-two cents, doubtless proving that the Corn Exchange Bank is more beautiful than the Acropolis. *Center, 49th and 6th Ave.*

The Old Maid, by Zoë Akins. A matinée tear brewery. The better grade evening audiences employ their handkerchiefs instead for sardonic nose blowing. *Empire, W. 40th and B'way.*

The Petrified Forest, by Robert E. Sherwood. So long as the author contents himself with shoot-'em-up melodrama he is highly commendable, but when he feels the itch to be philosophical he gets the critical bum's rush. *Broadhurst, W. 44th.*

Three Men on a Horse, by J. C. Holm and George Abbott. If you don't believe in dramatic criticism (as who does?), you'll have a nobby time at this exhibit of a nincompoop race-track dopester with a blind talent for picking 'em. If you do, and practise what you preach, certain deficiencies may dish some of your pleasure. *Playhouse, W. 48th.*

Thumbs Up, by Ballard Macdonald, James Hanley, et al. As long as Bobby Clark keeps his health, this revue will be worth your trade. Bobby, as you are aware, is the Henry Irving of low comedy. *St. James, W. 44th.*

Tobacco Road, by Jack Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. The performance has fallen way off. But the play is still there despite the fact, although now and again it has something of a tussle with the present actors. *Forest, W. 49th.*

Waiting for Lefty, by Clifford Odets. A play of the late New York taxicab drivers' strike that contains some dubious propaganda but some forthright and electric drama. Deserving of your attention. *Longacre, W. 48th.*

MOVIES

Don Herold

(*Not suitable for children)

Black Fury.* Paul Muni, in a dumb ape rôle, stages a one-man strike in a coal mine. A lusty, male picture with hair on its chest.

Four Hours to Kill.* About a killer (Richard Barthelmess) and a cop handcuffed together at a musical show while waiting four hours for a train to the pen. An edge-of-your-seat show every minute.

Life Begins at Forty. They must have made this n. g. Will Rogers picture up out of their heads as they went along.

Naughty Marietta. Jeanette MacDonald, still ace of cinema donnas, and Nelson Eddy, up there too, are worth hearing in Victor Herbert's songs which are lots better than most that the boys are manufacturing these days.

Princess O'Hara. Heavy sentimental sorghum by Damon Runyan, and frantic acting by Chester Morris and Jean Parker.

Private Worlds.* Tangled lives and loves in the most unconvincing mental hospital I've ever been in. Claudette Colbert soothes the patients with pit-a-pats and motto talk.

Star of Midnight. A rollicking murder mystery in which William Powell and Ginger Rogers almost recapture the magnificent kidding of *The Thin Man*.

The Case of the Curious Bride.* Factory-made murder puzzle, in which Warren William sets out dashing to prove that it wasn't Margaret Lindsay who stabbed her No. 1 husband with a piece of looking-glass.

The Casino Murder Case.* Semi-satisfactory continuation of the Philo Vance series with Paul Lucas only fair as Philo, and poisoned people all over the place.

The Man Who Knew Too Much.* If they had superimposed translated dialogue titles on this British-mumbled melodrama, we Americans wouldn't miss about half of it, but the half we get is three times as thrilling as most crime pictures, so go see it.

(Continued on page 46)



TELEPHONE SERVICE in this country is modern. It leads the world. Yet there is an old-fashioned simplicity about the Bell System. This applies to capital structure and financial methods as well as to the nation-wide plan of decentralized operation under centralized control.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has only one class of stock and that stock is not watered.

It has 675,000 stockholders living in every corner of the land. Their average holding is twenty-eight shares. No individual or organization owns as much as one per cent of the stock. There are no secret reserves or hidden assets.

This structure is not of recent origin, but dates back many years to the early days of the telephone. It has lived on because it is right and in the best interest of the public. It has been fundamental in making the Bell System a distinctive American business.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LETTERS



Ping-Pong

Gentlemen:

Imagine the shock when I found Paul Gallico, in the April number, calling a table tennis player a Ping-Pong player (like calling a baseball player in the American League a Reach player because he uses a Reach baseball). He gently calls it a sissy game. . . . It may interest him to know that (1) Table tennis is approximately 14 times as fast as tennis; (2) To play the game well requires real training.

A. KIDORF

CHAIRMAN PHILA. LEAGUE

Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

In your column, "Things You'd Never Know Unless We Told You" you had an interesting but inaccurate paragraph regarding table tennis. You said that "in the United States Ping-Pong players had purchased twenty million Ping-Pong paddles in 1934." Error, five million paddles were purchased in 1934. This is on pretty good authority.

HELEN OVENDEN

Chicago, Ill.

[Reader Ovenden is correct. Our authority was John R. Tunis in the late *American Spectator*.—Ed.]

The American Scene

Gentlemen:

As an artist and director of the California School of Fine Arts may I express appreciation of your enterprise in publishing reproductions of the works of well-known American artists? I believe such recognition and aid in the development of American art are very timely and greatly needed.

LEE F. RANDOLPH

San Francisco, Calif.

Gentlemen:

I look at "Gaiety Burlesque" and wonder why it was perpetrated. . . . Nothing so crass has before come my way. I have chanced upon a few examples of gross smut, but it has not hitherto come at me this way. . . . Your interesting item about egg tempera inspires wonder—wonder that eggs that rotten could be found above ground. Pity 'tis that it is such an effective fixative.

S. LOTT

Madison, Wisconsin

Gentlemen:

When I heard of your proposed Art Series, I immediately hid myself down to the nearest book store and placed an order for your illustrious magazine. Need I say that I am more than pleased with the results? Would it be possible for you to include in this series the work of at least one of my favorite American artists, namely: Grosz, Coleman, Benton, Hart or O'Keeffe? As for your plan to publish the entire collection in a portfolio, I shall, even if it takes my last cent, have one.

There is only one thing in your magazine which doesn't come up to par. It is your so-called movie reviewer, Don Herold. Something must be the matter with a person who can give *Gold Diggers of 1935* a green light and then give *Ruggles of Red Gap*, a really good picture, a yellow light. Ugh.

R. B. BROADWATER

Oakland, Md.

[Artist Tom Benton's painting, "Lord Heal the Child," will appear in the next issue.—Ed.]

Are You Sure?

Gentlemen:

Marion Potter of Greenwich, Conn., neglected, in the April "Letters" to give her authority for the statement that bi-monthly "must mean twice a month." My Webster's Collegiate, tried and true, says every two months. I learned this after answering the "Are You Sure?" test, however.

MARY AGNES CLARK

Field, New Mexico

[Webster's 1935 Collegiate lists both definitions as correct but states that "semi-monthly" is preferable when referring to "twice a month."—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

Chalk me up for 88 on the latest "Are You Sure?" If I'd known how to pronounce culinary, and who didn't sign the Declaration, and who is the best box-office draw; and if the Amazon were longer than the Nile and if Bangor were moved north and the peccary an Australian bird—I'd have had 100.

ALBERT FURTH

New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

The continued expansion of the usage of Cellophane makes it seem desirable that we call the attention of editors to the fact that the word "Cellophane" is a registered trademark. As a trademark it should be so identified by being printed in a distinctive manner either with the first letter, "C", capitalized, or with the entire word enclosed in quotation marks. . . .

M. C. POLLACK

Du Pont Cellophane Co.
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Completed the third crossword puzzle this morning and was amazed to find "God" given as definition for "one of the celebrated Greeks." Scored 86 in "Are You Sure?"

Life

Established 1883 and

Published monthly by

LIFE MAGAZINE, INC.

60 E. 42nd St., New York

FRED. G. FRANCIS,

Chairman of the Board

CLAIR MAXWELL, President

JOS. A. McDONOUGH, Vice-President

HENRY RICHTER, Treasurer

GEORGE T. EGGLESTON, Editor

GURNEY WILLIAMS,

Managing Editor

EDWARD T. HAAS,

Associate Editor

but credited myself with an extra ten to equal record for discovering error in #30. "Carrott" is misspelled word and not "occurrence."

DR. ABRAHAM GURVITZ

Boston, Mass.

[Hasty-reader Gurvitz does not deserve the extra 10. Question 30 states that "One of these words is spelled correctly." Correct answer is "occurrence"—Ed.]

+

Gentlemen:

It may be of interest to you to learn that we have been subscribers to *LIFE* since October, 1883, and have the bound volumes from that date until 1910. I believe all my children know the contents of those bound volumes by heart, for in their youth those books were an unfailing refuge from childish boredom, especially when housebound by rainy days or recovering from minor illnesses. . . .

MRS. WALTER C. KERR

Statens Island, N. Y.

[Many thanks to an old friend.—Ed.]

+

Gentlemen:

I like your editorials and your views on war and munitions; wish you'd give us your editorial comment on the way the jingos are arming us to the teeth; on the Hearst efforts to stir up trouble; on the inadequacy of admirals for anything but hopeful attitudes toward "another little war"; on some of the particular pompous asses in Congress; on the way relief funds are being wasted by pot-bellied politicians.

IDA LOUISE BRYANT

San Diego, Calif.

+

Gentlemen:

Just read in the current issue of *LIFE* that the National Puzzlers' League has "discovered" a new longest word.

The *Pathfinder* a few weeks ago published the following which is 13 letters longer than the one you published. The word is "pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis" which is a form of lung trouble caused by volcanic ash in the air.

I thought you might be interested in investigating this latter find.

I. REBER LONGACRE

Norristown, Pa.

[We'll take your word for it.—Ed.]

+

Gentlemen:

I have just reread all of Crichton's stuff in the April issue and guess my liver must be out of order because I can't find a thing that's more than doubtlessly worthy, but I think his editorials are darbs; there's real meat to them. I was about to disagree with Gallico's summing up of hockey, insofar as this league is concerned, when a lousy Vancouver team came up from behind and nosed Seattle out.

MRS. RUSSELL JACKSON

Seattle, Wash.

+

Gentlemen:

Maybe, if possible, you let most humble Jap see some original of cartoons. I no try to sell you my dopey drawings which are no mature yet.

YOSHIO HAMABE

Orange, N. J.

[Welcome, Yoshio.—Ed.]



NEW LIFE BEGINS at PIER 61 on the largest Liners to and from CALIFORNIA

\$185

FIRST CLASS

A NEW LIFE it truly is—and a life you'll remember with quickened heartbeats!

Beginning the moment you set foot on a great Panama Pacific liner at Pier 61, New York, all is gaiety and good fun. You relax. Life takes on a new, brighter aspect.

The 33,000-ton liners *Virginia*, *California* and *Pennsylvania*, largest in inter-coastal service, offer for your pleasure two outdoor swimming pools and air-cooled dining salons—both *exclusive* features! Decks are vast. Cabins are all

outside and surprisingly roomy.

Varied and enjoyable entertainment lends charm to tropic nights. Cuisine and service? Without a peer!

En route, delightful visits are made at Havana, Panama Canal, Balboa, Panama City, San Diego (gateway to Mexico), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Ample time ashore for sightseeing is provided. Stopovers granted at all ports. Reduced First Class fare \$185. Tourist Cabin \$120. Fare and a half for round trips.

Apply to your travel agent.

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

Associated with American Merchant, Baltimore Mail and United States Lines to Europe, Panama Pacific and U.S. Lines Cruises. Main Office: No. 1 Broadway, D1gby 4-5800; 601 Fifth Avenue, W1ckersham 2-3300, New York.

It's time for Pabst-



TIME OUT! Excited fans—players on edge—critical moments when an umpire has to keep cool. Of course, IT'S TIME FOR PABST.

Whether you are up in the stands yelling for the home team—or after you sink the putt on the eighteenth hole—or after a tough match of tennis, you can refresh yourself with a bottle of the cool inviting goodness of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale.

In sports or in business—you'll find yourself hitting the ball harder when you experience the zestful companionship of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale.

Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer and Ale



© 1935, Premier-Pabst Corp., Chicago

OH, FOR THE LIFE OF A DAVIS CUP TEAM SELECTOR

MAY SEVENTH: Due to their excellent performances in the East and West tournament last week in which Welsh and Martin were winner and runner-up in the singles, and Blake and Frisbee annexed the doubles, these four players have been selected to compose the U. S. Davis Cup team which will oppose the Hindustan racket-wielders four weeks from today. The committee feels confident that it has selected the strongest possible team.

May Fourteenth: In a tournament replete with upsets John Wilson of Kansas City annexed the Sunnyview Club singles championship today, bowling over Blake, Frisbee and Welsh of the recently selected Davis Cup team on his way. The runner-up was Clyde Howell of Newton, Mass., who accounted for Martin, the fourth member of the Cup team. In the doubles a dark horse pair of Grayson and Thayer upset Blake and Frisbee, America's ace tandem formation, in an early round, and went on to win the championship. At an emergency meeting the Davis Cup committee added this quartet to the Cup squad.

May Twenty-First: Further confusion was thrown into the Davis Cup Selection tangle this past week during the East Midwick tournament. Harry Staples, last year's Davis Cup luminary, whose poor showing during April and March caused him to be left off the team when it was selected in early May, suddenly regained his form, and swept through the tournament without the loss of a set. On the way he eliminated Wilson, Martin, and Howell, while thirteen-year-old Oscar Yates created a veritable sensation by becoming runner-up to Staples, accounting for Welsh and Grayson on his way to the finals. The Committee, in view of recent developments, has selected a new quartet composed of Staples and Yates in the singles, and Grayson and Thayer in the doubles. This eliminates the original team of Welsh, Martin, Blake and Frisbee entirely.

May Twenty-Eighth: Determined to



show that the Davis Cup Committee's original selections were the correct ones. Welsh and Martin proceeded to sweep through the Conamara singles championship this past week to become winner and runner-up, while Blake and Frisbee emerged from their three-weeks' slump to annex the doubles championship. This now throws everything into hopeless confusion as regards next week's meeting with Hindustan.

May Twenty-Ninth: Yates, Welsh, Grayson and Frisbee will represent America against Hindustan next week. The Davis Cup Committee drew these four names from a hat last night, and everybody is satisfied.

—P. C.

THINGS YOU'D NEVER KNOW UNLESS WE TOLD YOU

THE world bought only twenty million dollars' worth of new cut diamonds from Holland last year—15% of the annual pre-depression purchase rate.

There are about twenty thousand patents in this country today that yield more than a hundred thousand dollars a year apiece to their inventors.

The entire Army of the U.S.S.R. is being taught Basic English—in which a vocabulary of about eight hundred words is sufficient for general conversation.

If all the pigs in the United States were evenly distributed among the population, there would be just about two pigs for each family.

The Champion Mother of Hungary—with twenty-one children—received a prize of twenty-one dollars from a grateful Government.

Exactly 12½% of our Presidents and 25% of our Vice-Presidents were born in New York State.

A generation ago, the official Regulations of the Police Department of Norfolk, Virginia, required all officers to bathe regularly.

In French Somaliland, the bride's father collects three dollars from the groom for relinquishing his daughter.

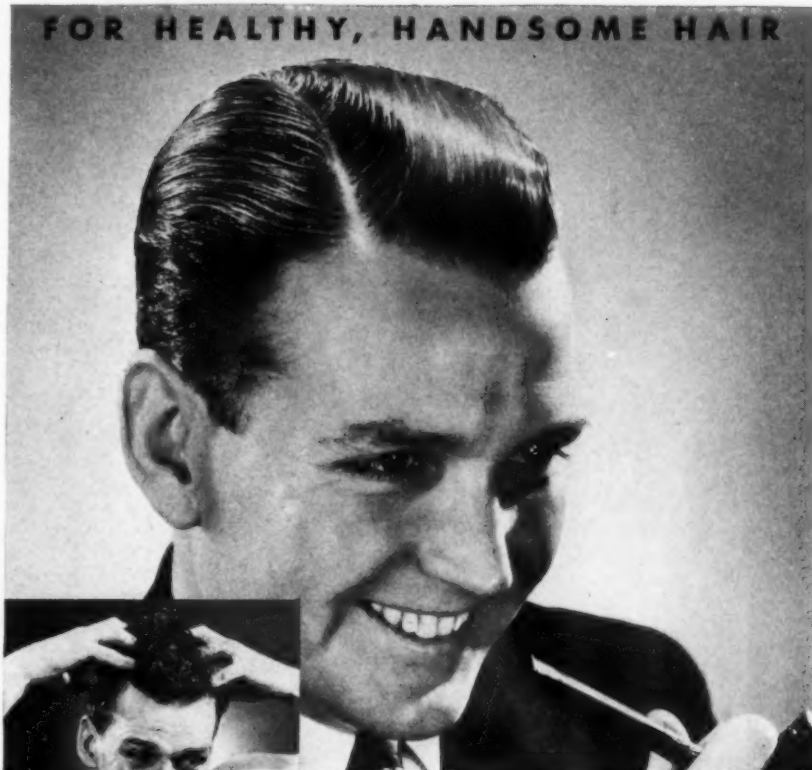
The Police Director of Montreal, anti-crime driving, has forbidden the sale of toy pistols.

—W. E. FARBSTAIN

SPEEDY...STIMULATING...

VITALIS and the 60-SECOND WORKOUT

FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR



● 50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE... Rub Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp. Feel how it tingles and wakes up. Your hair has a chance!



● 10 SECONDS TO BRUSH... Comb and brush your hair. It looks rich, lustrous—but without a trace of that "patent-leather" look.



VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

STEP UP your good looks. Improve your appearance. Wake up your scalp and keep your hair healthy and handsome with the 60-Second Vitalis Workout.

Tight, dry scalp is a common cause of thin, sickly and even dandruff-ridden hair. For tight, dry scalp means hair robbed of the natural, the nourishing oils it needs for good health and perfect grooming. And that scalp needs a workout—it needs stimulation—it needs Vitalis and massage.

Vitalis and massage rouses the scalp—quickens the circulation—revives the flow of natural oils. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair looks healthier, because it *is* healthier. It's better looking and it stays in place. And it never has that "patent-leather" look.

Buy a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist. And enjoy the freshening, healthy glow of the 60-Second Workout today.

ASK YOUR BARBER...
When your barber prescribes Vitalis—he's giving you good advice. Take it!



To quality folk" throughout Kentucky that name
Crab Orchard stood for good food and good whiskey



BUBBLING out of the limestone hills, down in the heart of the Blue Grass country, a sparkling spring first drew people to Crab Orchard.

They came to "take the waters," and, because they knew good living and enjoyed it, the local hotel strove to make their visit memorable with such tempting Southern delicacies as barbecued squirrel, delectable pohickory, or roast 'possum and candied yams.

And there was something else—a straight bourbon whiskey, rich and ruddy, of a flavor which even the flower of old-time Kentucky's gentility praised.

To find this particular whiskey, the Crab Orchard Springs Hotel had searched far and wide, and finally—from a little distillery up Louisville

way—had a private supply shipped in by the barrel. It wasn't a widely famous whiskey then. It wasn't even bottled or labeled. It was only in later years that it came to be known as Crab Orchard whiskey.

The name Crab Orchard might never have leaped to nationwide favor, except for one thing.

It stood for a whiskey which was not only rich and mellow—not only made in the good old-fashioned way, straight as a string, *but also economical.*

And suddenly, after repeal, all America wanted such a whiskey.

In a few brief weeks, the name and goodness of Crab Orchard whiskey was on a million tongues, and this one-time local favorite is *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey today.*

Kentucky straight whiskey
Made the good old-fashioned way
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a price anyone can pay



A good guide to good whiskey

Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.



+ SOME OF THE PEOPLE +

OUR COUNTRY

Item:

THE new office of Attorney General Homer S. Cummings, whose Department is now attempting to back-tax aluminum-mogul Andrew Mellon, is decorated throughout with aluminum fixtures and ornaments.

Item:

CONGRESSIONAL bills of the month: Senator Frazier's bill proposing to "make it a crime to represent oneself to be an Indian" and Rep. Moritz' bill to "provide each Congressman with \$1,000,000 to be spent in his Congressional district to build homes to rent for not over \$20 a month."

Item:

TWO old ladies were recently seen in front of the White House peering intently at the sailing ship trademark on Mrs. Anna Dall Boettiger's Plymouth Coupe, speculating aloud as to whether or not it was the Roosevelt coat of arms...

Item:

AT this year's Gridiron Dinner in Washington the Minister from Finland, only diplomat present whose country had not defaulted on her war debts, was given a 15-minute ovation of cheers, whistles and hand-clapping while the other ambassadors sat and concentrated on the sugar bowls.

Underwear

WHEN the U. S. Army-National Geographic 1935 Stratosphere flight gets under way from South Dakota this June the biggest worry of the balloonists will be souvenir hunters.

Last year the three Army men in their gondola landed in a cornfield near Hodredge, Nebraska and were almost instantly surrounded by thousands of

curious Nebraskans, most of whom had followed the big bag for miles in their cars. Men and women slashed right and left with scissors and knives, trying to get souvenir pieces of the balloon. Valuable instruments in the spherical gondola were ripped apart and films on which recordings of the flight had been made were torn out of their containers and exposed to the light.

Captain Anderson, while fighting to save the instruments, shed his parachute for a minute and turned around to find it stolen. National Guardsmen

chased the culprit 30 miles before they recovered it.

The climax of the souvenir battle came when Captain Stevens stepped into a farmhouse to discard some of the heavy clothing he had worn. Not thinking much about it, he tossed his damp suit of heavy underwear out of the window to dry on the fence. When he came out of the house it was gone. Somewhere in Nebraska today there is a proud collector of Americana curiosa who can display to friends and relatives the prize of his collection—the

+

+

PAGING PAUL REVERE

(*"Hoover Arousing Party... Friends See Him in Rôle of Modern Paul Revere"*... N. Y. Herald Tribune.)

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the ride of the high-collared Paul Revere!

A Man Upon An Elephant goes trundling through the night.
It's Paul Revere, The Engineer. He cries "Arise and Fight.
Beware The New Deal Regulars! Beware their plans unholy,
Their professorial Tugwell and their communistic Moley!"
Though citizens at radios are too engrossed to look up
While Mrs. F. D. R. is entertaining on the hook-up,
Jim Farley says to Franklin R., "I fear this fellow's guile."
"Tut, tut," replies the President, "he hasn't got my smile!"

The Union Leaguers rise and yawn. They see within their reach
The brimming pots of patronage—two chickens stuffed in each!
And though the modern Paul Revere is bothered by his collar
No less than by the shrinkage of the Democratic dollar,
Says Morgenthau to Franklin, "If we let this fellow yell on
I fear that Wall Street soon will cut another Andrew Mellon!"
"Tut, tut," says F. D. R. again, "I'll top these tedious Tories.
Call in the correspondents—I just heard two funny stories!"

Though Teddy, Jr., keen to help, hangs up the signal light,
It isn't clear if Paul Revere will steer to left or right.
(And yet there's little doubt, that in accordance with his mode,
The Jumbo will stay safely in the middle of the road.)
And since the Grand Old Party either has to stand or fall,
A lukewarm leader's better far than having none at all.
No wonder then that Paul Revere appears to twist and squirm.
You'd wriggle too, my friends, if *you* had lost a second term
When a donkey made a monkey of a pampered pachyderm.

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN



only suit of underwear in the United States that has been 10 miles off the earth.

Spring Fish

ABOUT that salmon that gets photographed with the President every spring. It's from Bangor, Maine, is supposed to be the first fish caught there every season, is sent to Washington by plane, has its publicity handled by N. W. Ayer & Son, and is formally presented to the President by the Governor of Maine. This year Mrs. Roosevelt had to accept it because the President was off cutting bait with Vincent Astor.

Once during the Hoover administration the salmon accidentally fell into the hands of the White House cooks before the newsreels were made. The occasion was met by one of the congressmen who got the head cook to sew back the head and tail and then, because it was a big salmon that year and too heavy to be held up by a string through the precariously-sewn head, had him run a string through what was left of the tail. Following this the pictures were taken, and prints rushed to the nation's movie houses.

Two days later protests from fishermen all over the country commenced pouring into the White House. Didn't the President know better than to hold a fish by the tail? Was that the kind of fisherman he was? If he didn't know

better, why didn't one of the Congressmen or Senators know enough to tell him? The matter was finally settled with the aid of the State Department and several boxes of White House stationery.

+

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Item

RADIO music has been wired into the elevators of the Rome Hotel, Omaha, Neb.

Item

BOOS BROTHERS' cafeteria, Los Angeles, has a floor show complete with adagio dancers and moonlight setting, every day at the luncheon hour.

Arches

THERE'S going to be a lot of chirping among the chiropractors this summer and it's all because of this flat-heeled shoe fad among women. By summer they expect to be selling 20% of their customers these arch-breakers.

What it all simmers down to is a lot of business for the foot doctors. "Women can do what they please," said the specialist we talked to, "but they can't change from high heels to low ones without expecting trouble." Specifically, he mentioned pains in the

back of the knee, pains in the calf and very definite yelps from the arches.

Worse still, it seems, are the absolutely heel-less evening slippers which the big stores have introduced to go with the smart, new, Hinduese evening gowns. Big women seem to go for these. One ad inserted by one of the stores brought in 27 replies. Twenty-one of these were from women wearing sizes from 8 to 10.

Foot specialists recommend to women a shoe with a three-quarter inch heel. "But," admitted our doctor friend, "I couldn't get my wife to wear our shoe if I bound and gagged her." Now, however, it appears she'll have to.

AAA to ZZ

THE American Telephone and Telegraph Company has let it be known that they are opposed to rebuses like AAAA Star Window Sweepers Inc. and Wm. F. Zzyzzin who juggle for first and last place in phone books. There must be no such luncheon club as the Zzyx, though there might be eight more Tudor tea rooms. We say the telephone company has a job on its hands. St. Paul has its Mrs. Zzwicki and Detroit its Mr. Zzwol and by some stretch these may be genuine. But what about Z. Zzynt of Los Angeles? Can the phone people step in and insinuate that Mr. Zzynt is a fake?

First place generally goes to the American Automobile Association, and then three or four garages and chimney sweeping concerns. How they can find any charm in being on page one is something you just can't reason out. The page is hardest of all to find, being buried in explanations of which end of the telephone to hold up to the ear and so on.

However, San Francisco has its AAAA Cleaning & Dyeing Co. of whom we mean to inquire some day just what the A's stand for. Washington offers an AAAA Coffee Co., New York an AAAAA Active Window Cleaning Co., which lost by a splinter to the AAAAAA Ace Box Co. Even sedate Montreal contributes ABC La Plomberie Energetique which is going somewhat, n'est-ce pas?

On ne pouvait pas changer tous ces nommes without loss of business. And back of it all is the Science of Numerology, too. The Science of Numerology is back of names.

Buried Loot

THERE'S a letter on our desk from Frank Wyss of St. Jo, Missouri, telling about his new book, "Modern Divining Rods." The book should interest us, says the letter, because it contains information "invaluable in detecting buried treasure."

An enclosed reprint of the index revealed that "Gold, where to look for" is dealt with on page 119 and "Buried Treasures, getting a trace of" on page 127. On page 137 he tells about "Buried Treasure Finder, building a."

Mr. W. also sent a pamphlet describing the treasure-finder, built. The only catch in the setup is that the finder reacts in the same way to an underground drain pipe, a buried andiron, or a junkpile as it would to the subterranean counting-house of an Inca. No selectivity.

We'll go fifty-fifty on a treasure finder anyway, with anybody who knows about some buried loot.

Dog Deluders

WE hear that A. G. Spalding is doing a national job on the latest in pampered pup accessories.

Smartest of all for little Fifi are the new dog boots which lace up the back of the leg and come in different colors. One lady, we were told, had a collie with rheumatism in the front legs and ordered two white rubbers to fit over the front "shoes."

The next Towser-teaser is called the "Cracklebone" and is absolutely nothing but a rubber bone with a night club snapper inside which crackles and makes the dog think he's on the straight and marrow. The "Happidog" bone is only a few strips of leather stitched together and split at the ends and its chief purpose is to take the wear and tear from pillow ends, slippers, and visitors' gloves. The "Happidog" may be tied to a chair leg by a thong which comes with it, but we still think any normal dog will turn it down any time a good pair of trousers shows up.

It saddened us not a trifle to see the "Sani Bone." It is a real shin bone from a calf or ostrich or something, but it has been hand buffed to enameled smoothness and Goojums can gnaw and gnaw on it and never get anything more nourishing from it than the paint off the picture stenciled on its surface. But the final slap to our old-fashioned conception of what a dog should have

or needed was the parting confidential whisper of the clerk who waited on us. "Of course," he said, in a tone which thumbed its nose at contradiction, "you know that Science now demands two dishes for each dog—a metal one for food and a porcelain one for water. It's more sanitary." We didn't know.

+

ENTERTAINMENT

Cold Tub

A FRIEND was prowling around the Hecht-MacArthur set in the Long Island studios the other day when a considerable hubbub arose over a scene Noel Coward was playing in his new screen vehicle. The flicker called for a shot of Coward's corpse floating around in mid-ocean in a heavy storm. The studio tank, twenty feet square by six feet deep, was filled with water from the city mains (38° F.). Stage hands set about generating

realistic waves by plunging huge pontoons into the tank in synchronism, and Mr. Coward was invited to get in. Mr. Coward got in, flopped around once or twice, and got out, deciding that 38° F. was "altogether too damn cold."

The technical staff tried taking the scene with a stage hand wearing a mask of Noel Coward, with a life-size dummy manipulated by strings, and with a doll about eight inches long. The doll shot was picked as the best. It's a distance shot, with clouds scudding along in front of the camera on plate





+
"Sure
you'd
rather
do this
than
work?"
+

glass and a driving rain squirting from the sprinkler gadget. The audience will never catch on in a million years, and it saved Mr. Coward no end of discomfort.

HIGHER LEARNING

Item

THE Ogilvie, Minnesota high school senior class has chosen for a June graduation motto: "Out of the harbor and unto relief."

Sheepskins

WITH the sheepskin season rapidly bearing down, we feel that you should know that the average college diploma costs about three dollars, that nearly all schools use a tough rag paper or vegetable parchment somewhat heavier than butter paper for their diplomas, and that if diplomas are framed they should be framed air tight or not at all.

Diplomas given to graduates of our very best colleges are not turned out by the bushel, but are produced by small arty shops scattered from Boston to Portland. It's in May and June that the terrific seasonal rush occurs, each school waiting until the last minute to

see who will graduate. ("If," mourned the gentleman we talked with, "they would only take a chance on a few names our life would be a lot easier.")

Sheepskin is still used by a few aristocratic colleges and private schools but it's a terror to letter and even worse for a President or Governor to sign. Sheepskins come from England and the making of them is a family affair with a lot of secrets connected with it. About all one can find out is that they must be elaborately aged. Some years ago a small Western college bought a flock of sheep with the idea of growing some first class diplomas. The experiment was a failure.

Diplomas this year show a departure. Some of the more introverted small colleges are issuing one no larger than six by eight inches in a stiff-backed leather folder. It's a depression idea, meant to give the graduate something he can carry to offices and flash on executives.

One thing that annoys the diploma maker is the fake who explains that he went to Ann Arbor (Princeton, New Haven, Berkeley, etc.), lost his diploma, and wants another made up. He is generally asked to get a letter from his Alma Mater and never does:

GREAT MINDS

"YOU can't prevent war—but what difference does it make?"

—Gertrude Stein.

"Anyone who would advocate overthrowing the United States Government is crazy."

—John Strachey.

"Alexis' title never meant anything to me . . . except maybe a whole lot of trouble."

—Barbara Hutton Mdivani.

"Do I expect to advance through pull? No."

—John Jacob Astor III.

"They are very nervous about war over there—but I can't find any real basis for it."

—Charles M. Schwab.

"We all talk too much."

—Alexander Woollcott.

"The most dangerous thing I have is ideas."

—Norman Thomas.

"America is going through a bad quarter of an hour."

—Andrew W. Mellon.

"If you don't believe the world is flat, just try a diet of buttermilk and Brazil nuts."

—Wilbur Glenn Voliva.

"It is possible for an actor to keep doing pictures till he goes stale."

—Leslie Howard

"I've played plenty of bad women in my time."

—Tallulah Bankhead.

"I think Hollywood is the screwiest place I have ever seen."

—Mary McCormic.

"Hollywood is goofy, but I like it."

—Charles Laughton.

"If a picture is true to life, it shows Right triumphant in the end."

—Floyd Gibbons.

THE JOKE



I WAS damned if I would explain to Bardon again who I was. On two previous occasions I had helped him out by giving my name and business connection, and telling him where we had met. I could see this time that he was aware he ought to know me; in fact that he was aware he *did* know me. He realized that we were acquaintances and that it would be quite proper to be cordial, and he wanted to do the right thing. His expression said, "I remember your face, but not your name."

At my age I was pretty well used to being forgotten by young girls, and didn't resent it any more. I was also resigned to the fact that casual introductions mean nothing for the first time or two. "Sir, in *my* set, one introduction does not constitute an introduction," and all that. But here was a man who had been a fellow guest on an entire weekend, and whom I had met twice since. I wouldn't admit that I was quite such a blank as all that. I was damned if I would help him.

We were on a train leaving New York for Washington and there were several hours ahead of us. They would be uncomfortable hours for Bardon, if his comfort rested with me. I was perfectly at ease. I had the advantage of him. I knew his name, approximate address, profession, wife, college, and the fact that he suffered from hay fever. He knew nothing whatever about me, except that I must live in or near New York. While he spoke pleasantly about the weather and the headlines I could see he was going over me like Sherlock Holmes. Very well; he could probably report to Dr. Watson that I had a dull razor, that I had dressed hurriedly, and that I had eaten eggs for breakfast. That was all.

New Bardon was looking to see whether I had any identifying jewelry. No lodge pins, no Legion button, no fraternity pins, no sporting tie-pin, no key on the watch chain, no initials

on the cuff-buttons. There were no initials on my bag, and the porter had hidden my hat in a paper sack.

"Been to Europe lately?" said Bardon. I knew he was trying to find out whether we had met on a sea voyage.

"Not for ten years," I said. I thought I would exert my advantage. "How is Mrs. Bardon?" I asked.

Bardon was taken aback. He didn't even know whether I was married. He said she was very well, and how had I been.

From this we lapsed into our newspapers. A little while later I found him looking at me. Was he going to confess he didn't know who I was? No, he wasn't. He tried me gingerly on politics, on business, on the theater. Very delicately he brought up the subject of insurance. I could see an unspoken fear in his eyes; had I possibly been one of the agents pursuing him? I thought it only decent to clear this up by showing an abysmal ignorance of insurance. But otherwise I gave him no hint to help him place me.

At Wilmington he bade me a cordial goodbye and left the train.

THE second Monday after that we met on an early morning train heading south from New York.

He nodded to me pleasantly. His air of puzzlement about me had departed. "Hello, Graham," he said. (My name is not Graham.) "Let's have breakfast."

In the diner he chatted good-humoredly about trivial matters. He didn't seem curious about me. I asked him when his hay fever would set in, and how his law practice was, and about real estate conditions in the neighborhood where I knew he lived. I thought there was no use just then setting him right about my not being Graham.

"How is Mrs. Graham?" he asked suddenly, but as the waiter arrived at that moment with a loaded tray he did not wait for a reply. (I am not married, and don't know any Mrs. Graham this side of Seattle.)

Bardon's conversation went from grapefruit to Florida, to the expense of travel, to the cost of living, to business conditions.

"What's the outlook in the woollen business?" he asked me point-blank. (I don't know anything about woollens, except that they come from sheep.) I made a qualified reply, like something out of my broker's market letter. It seemed to satisfy him, but I felt slightly ill at ease, as if the conductor might put me off the train for riding on a stolen ticket.

I mentioned a class-mate of Bardon's whom I knew. I had almost exhausted



"What's happened to my mug?"

my information about his affairs.

Bardon looked at me as if he had just remembered something. "By the way," he said, "what was the outcome of that bit of litigation the milliner brought against your brother?" (I have no brother.)

I choked over a piece of toast. "Oh, all right," I managed to say. He saw I was embarrassed.

"The jury found for him, of course," he said. "But quite an ordeal for him while it lasted, I'm sure."

I was somewhat relieved when we returned to our seats at opposite ends of the chair car. I had put it over on him, all right: I had led him to believe that my name was Graham, that I was married, in the woollen business, and that my brother had been in a jam with a milliner.

He got off at Wilmington again. "Goodbye, Graham," he said. I was still enjoying my joke. But something about his smile troubled me a little.

—STACY JONES

LIFE LINES

A PROFESSOR at Columbia has found that young children will eat spinach voluntarily. Few ever get the chance, though.

To catch up on his writing, Gandhi has vowed himself to four weeks silence. We've always felt Senator Long should write more books.

A scientist finds that the continent of North America is floating away from Europe. This is gradually bringing Mr. Hearst's Yellow Peril closer.

Back in England lecturer John Strachey insists he never did favor the overthrow of our government. Maybe that is why he attracted so much notice.

By appointing John Buchan as Governor-General of Canada, Britain scores a victory over us. Here is a man whose books were read before he went into government.

In the old days people used to laugh at the village idiot. Nowadays he gets himself a radio program and hires an office force to handle his fan mail.

BIRD MAN

LISTEN, Chief! If you're going to Cleveland tonight there's only one way on godsgreenearth to go and that's fly. You'll never get me into a slow stuffy train when I can fly. No sir. Why, that night trip over the Alleghenies is simply superb. Dangerous? Listen, Chief, those babies that pilot that line are personally acquainted with every branch on every tree from Newark to Chicago. Engines? Say, there's only one way to stop those engines and that's turn the switch off. And talk about hostesses, Chief. You oughta see the eye tonics they got on those planes, Umm-hmmmm! They tip your seat back and tuck your blanket in and if you

have the back seat I wouldn't be surprised if they'd kiss you good night. I always say there's only one way on godsgreenearth to travel and that's by air.

What's that, Chief? You want me to go along? Okay, Chief. Sure. Listen, Chief. See those clouds just coming in over the northwest? They mean a storm, sure. With a big storm like that coming up the plane might not fly, see how I mean? We can't take chances on delay, can we, Chief? So look. You let me get our reservations on the train, see? I know a fellow over in the ticket office. Right. I always say when there's any doubt at all about the plane taking off why there's only one way on godsgreenearth to travel and that's by train.

—C. L. FUNNELL



"Young Roosevelt's still a bit camera shy."

LABORATORY CHORUS

(Scientists Claim That Increasing One's Supply of Oxygen Lessens Irritability)

I'M filled to the brim with oxygen.
Annoy me if you can.
I yearn to embrace
The human race.
I dote on my fellow man.
For indignation I've no facility.
I'm drunk with ozone and amiability.
Penniless swains, come on, make merry!
Smoke my cigarettes, drink my sherry.
Talk like Hemingway, strut like Gable,
Leave white rings on my Sheraton table.
Fill my ash trays, borrow my books!
I still will greet you with smiling looks.
I've nothing but love for smug young men,
For I've been tipling oxygen.

I hold for the whole revolving globe
Affection that's strong and vital.
I yearn to be
At a Benefit Tea
Or an amateur dance recital,
Or a little revue where the clothes are flimsy,
Or a moving picture alive with whimsy,
Or a lecture (with slides) on Modern Venice,
Or a talk on the Japanese Naval Menace;
And I think I'd like to go shopping soon
Somewhere on Saturday afternoon.

Isn't oxygen lovely stuff,
Isn't it wholesome fun!
While the flow is steady
I'm perfectly ready
To bear with everyone:
Poets and peasants and lady flyers;
Radio critics and radio criers
And the tittering tribe who've heard the rumor
"If it's not Joe Miller it isn't humor."

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
A friend to lord and menial!
For when I'm high
On an air supply,
I'm awfully oxygenial.
Though I fear I am apt to be less informal
When normal.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

Chicago is having so much success in cleaning out its gangsters that officials say it's a small underworld after all.



"Oh, bello, darling. Mr. Nagler just dropped in for a cup of tea."

THE LINEN SUIT PROBLEM

"HOW is it," I asked my friend Richards, "that you are able to wear a white linen suit to the office and still, at eleven o'clock in the morning, look as if you had just stepped out of the washtub instead of from a coal bin?"

"It is not easy," replied Richards, carefully flicking a bit of my cigarette ash from his spotless sleeve. "One must be prepared to make certain sacrifices. One must learn to take the bitter with the sweet."

"How much mileage do you get out of one cleaning?" I inquired.

"Usually three days, but sometimes four," said Richards with a smile of quiet pride. "Once I got five days. That is my record."

"Three days, and even four and five!" I ejaculated. "Are you really serious? I never heard of such a thing. Half a day is enough to prepare my linen suits for another trip to the laundry."

"I am perfectly serious," returned Richards. "It is simply a matter of making certain minor sacrifices, as I

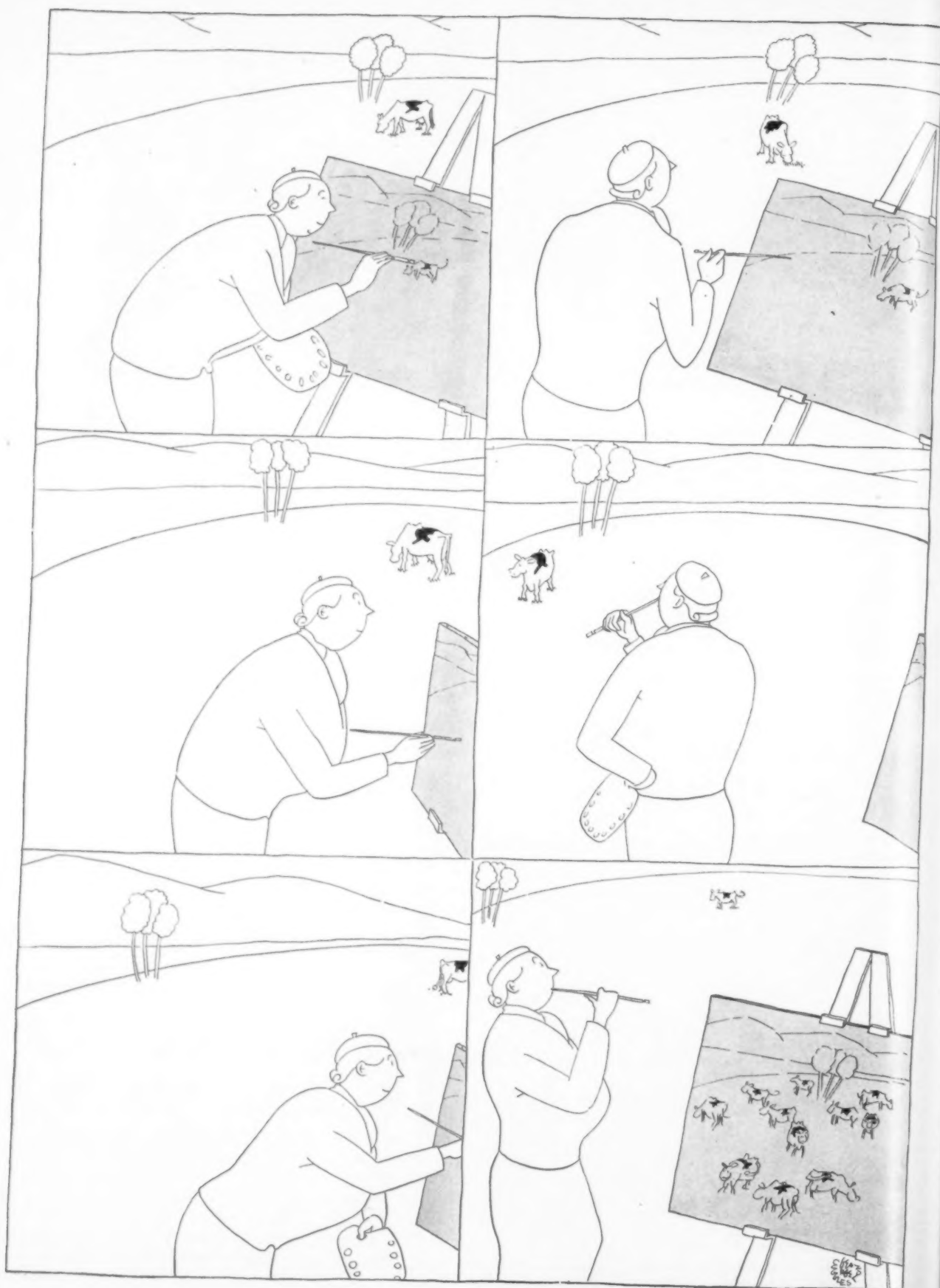
said. Some people are content to let their linen suits spend their lives at the cleaners. For myself, I like to wear my linen suits, so I make certain sacrifices."

"What do you mean, sacrifices?" I demanded.

"Well, look," explained Richards. "You take a thing like sitting down. You know that is fatal to the spotlessness of a white linen suit. I don't care where you sit down, you'll get your trousers dirty—on trains, in offices, in restaurants, everywhere. Even the home of the most meticulous housekeeper is no exception. You park yourself and your linen suit in one of her chairs, a chair she has just dusted, and you will still pick up visible evidence sufficient to bring the blush of shame to her cheek. One simply can't afford to sit down anywhere if one would keep his linen suit clean, and so I never sit down while wearing mine."

"You really never sit down?" I whispered, awed.

"Never," said Richards, firmly. "It is one of the necessary little sacrifices.



MR. HARRIS TIRES OF DREAMING



You must not sit down, and you must never lean against anything. Either one is fatal. Furthermore, you must not go outdoors.

The air, you know, is positively foul with soot and dust. The only way to avoid it is to stay inside permanently."

"You mean you never leave this building?" I gasped.

"I have not left this room since the linen suit season opened," Richards assured me. "And that's not all. I'll tell you another thing. You should never read newspapers. You know how they are—all sticky with ink. You can try to read them while holding the pages out at arm's length, as I have seen some linen suit wearers do, but that is only partially satisfactory. The only sure way is to shut newspapers out of your life. That is what I have done."

I marveled at my friend's strength of purpose. "There is one danger you still have, though," I suggested, as an idea came suddenly. "What about your food? No matter how you try, you can't keep food off a linen vest. Now, can you?"

"Certainly," said Richards. "That's simple."

"How?" I demanded.

"Keep away from food," he smiled. "I haven't had a bite to eat in weeks. And I shan't eat until the linen suit season is over."

"Good lord, man, are you kidding me?" I cried. "You don't sit down, you don't leave this room, you don't read newspapers, you don't even eat?"

"Exactly," said Richards. "These are my little sacrifices. I know of no other way to keep a white linen suit clean."

—JOHN C. EMERY

LAMENT

THE simple maid who likes fake jade
And bus-top rides and gin
Receives attention from the men
When bank-accounts are thin.
But when good fortune smiles once more
She seeks her beaux in vain.
They're after girls who go for pearls
And taxis and champagne.

—M. M.

MR. HARRIS woke up in a cold sweat. He had been dreaming again. After breathing a sigh of relief he started turning over the dream in his mind, and was soon struck by the fact that it was a type that had been recurring with remarkable frequency lately. He had always had dreams like that, but now, as middle age and increasing cautiousness had come over him, they had become nothing short of chronic.

Mr. Harris styled them unpreparedness dreams. In all of them he found himself confronted with a situation, a dilemma, a task for which he was completely un-prepared—so unlike his waking moments where he allowed nothing to take him unawares. In this latest dream he had found himself slated to take part in an amateur performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Mr. Harris, awake, failed to discover any association which should have made his

subconscious mind hit on that particular play. He never read Shakespere, never went to Shakespere plays.

But there was no doubt what he had dreamed. The play was about to go on. The principals were all assembled in the wings. Someone nudged him and said: "Hurry up. Go on. The curtain's going up." And Mr. Harris didn't know a solitary line of his part. Nay, he didn't even know what part he was playing. In vain he tried to explain. Someone pushed him onto the stage—and then he woke up. He always woke up before he really found out what happened to him. That made it all the more infuriating.

Those unpreparedness dreams, so frequent recently, had taken almost every possible form. More than once he had dreamed himself on an ocean liner just pulling out. And always Mr. Harris had things at home and at the office that had to be cleared up immediately. Always he had no passport, no ticket, no money, no luggage—not even



"I'm tired of having you two lord it over me!"

a tooth brush—and no destination.

And then—last fall there had been that horrifying dream about being back in college. In his college days Mr. Harris had never played anything more strenuous than golf, yet here he was on the football field—and in what a predicament! Seventy thousand pairs of eyes gazed at him from a mass of concrete, and more than a score of burly, sweaty, muddy athletes and officials glared at him, and waited for his next move. For Mr. Harris, again a youth, was the varsity quarterback miraculously inserted into the game with his team in a scoring position, and he didn't know the signals. He didn't even know the plays or the score. He hadn't the faintest idea about anything. Then, of course, he woke up.

The variety had been endless. Mysterious railroad trips finding him no better prepared than for his ocean voyages. Piano recitals, the audience poised and eager, he at the piano, not knowing one note from the next. Friends sud-

denly appearing for a cocktail party—and not a drop of liquor in the house. Business conferences, the purpose of which he was not even vaguely aware. And always, always, Mr. Harris woke up before the dénouement.

ON the day after Mr. Harris had dreamed his Shakespeare dream he came back to his house at half past seven p.m. Mrs. Harris greeted him at the doorway, and stared at him aghast. "I've been trying to get you at the office since six o'clock," she said. "Where were you?"

Mr. Harris shrugged his shoulders, and grinned foolishly. "Oh," he said, "somewhere."

She stared. "You're tight," she declared. "I've never seen you tight, but I know you are. Didn't you realize we were to be at the Carsons' for dinner—*dressed*—at seven? And it takes half an hour to get there?"

"Sure," said Mr. Harris amiably, "I realize. I know it. Sure I know it."

"I can't understand what's come over you. You've never done a thing like this in your life—never. What's going to happen?"

Mr. Harris's grin widened. "That's right," he said, "what's going to happen? O.K. Let's see what's going to happen. Want to find out?"

"What are you doing," she demanded abruptly, "pinching yourself?"

He burst into loud laughter. "Just pinching myself," he said. "Pinching myself hard—see? Going to see what's going to happen!"

—PARKE CUMMINGS

TRUE TO FORM

FOUNDATION, girdle, and brassière, I simply cannot eschew them; For I see them advertised everywhere, Foundation, girdle, and brassière, In posing forms so passing fair I feel as though I knew them. Foundation, girdle, and brassière—I am much indebted to them!

But where is the old-time emphasis
On the mystery of woman?
Dumbly for days I ponder this:
Where is the old-time emphasis—
That every matron and every miss
Was somehow superhuman?
Alas for the old-time emphasis
On the mystery of woman!

For all about us are legs in hose,
And whatever the gals are wearing—
Yes, every stitch of their under clothes—
Parades through ads, with their sheerest
hose—
Till it's quite impossible to suppose
Costume could now be "daring,"
With all of us experts on women's hose
And everything else they're wearing.

No speculation is left at all—
Romance must take that hurdle!
Down the ages the aesthetes call
"No subtle sorcery's left at all!"
From Fall to Spring and from Spring
to Fall
It's brassière, hose, and girdle—
Which—to be honest—doesn't appal
Or cause my blood one curdle!

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Amateur entertainers have been flocking to the radio in such droves recently that it is becoming a real pleasure to go to a party.





CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

The Warner Brothers Consider an Idea for "Gold Diggers of 1936."

AN OMINOUS DIRGE



SO there is to be no more breach of promise.

Well, you may be pleased, but I am going to protest to the Chamber of Commerce.

Think of the increase in unemployment,

Think of the decrease in innocent public enjoyment,

Think of all the blondes who were accustomed to living on velvet and gravy or something,

And now they've got to join the navy or something,

Think of all the shysters who can never live in clover again,

But have to start chasing ambulances all over again,

Think of the hungry jobless witnesses,

And the eager alienists who testified to senile sugar-daddies' mental fitnesses,

Think of the handwriting experts who will have to go out and get jobs,

And the sob sisters who will have to stifle their sobs,

And the new stories that can no longer darkly hint

At testimony unfit to print—

Dear, dear, the old order changeth, what will be the next to go?

First Prohibition, then Breach of Promise, soon I suppose Alimony miney mo.

Killjoys and spoil sports are as active as crickets,

And I guess someday they will even do something about the carpet-baggers

who have low license numbers on their cars and drive seventy miles through traffic and park in front of fire plugs and don't get tickets;

Yes, and maybe these busybodies will clean up the charity lottery;

You know, the kind where the prize is something about as handsome and valuable as a piece of intimate pottery,

And the chances are numbered from one to a hundred and if you draw number

one you pay one cent and if you draw number two you pay two cents

and you say that's fair, I guess I can afford two chances, that

will be fine,

And you draw number ninety eight and number ninety nine;

And another delightful group I am afraid the reformers might abolish is

a group whose life is nothing but milk and honey,

Because they say Oh are you going out to the track? please bet five dollars for me

On So and So in the fifth, and then they forget to give you the money;

And how about the enterprising merchants who out of a blue sky mail you a shirt or a collar,

And accompany it with a letter demanding that you either wrap the atrocity up and address it and lug it to the post office and buy stamps for

it and mail it back to them, or else send them a dollar?

Yes, with the abolition of breach of promise I fear for other of Life's little amenities

And ubiquitous obscenities.

I fear that the modern generation is getting soft,

And sometimes in the stillly night I long for the good old days, but not very oft.

—OGDEN NASH

OUR NATIVE INDUSTRIES—V

REWRITING OLD SONGS



THERE is no factory for the business of rewriting the old songs, yet it has been for some time a going concern, well established and flourishing, with nice profits for its chief executives. The raw materials are plentiful, and the problems of merchandising comparatively simple.

Take a song that has already won definite popularity, possibly a piece of recognized folk-music but certainly by an unknown and thoroughly dead composer, make a few slight changes in the words or music, and put your name on it (assuming that you can write). The United States will gladly give you a copyright; a publisher will print the song just as gladly.

By a curious technicality of the law the thing that counts is not who created a piece of music but who first took the trouble to put it into print. By that simple and inexpensive act it becomes the permanent property of the signer (a cross will do in a pinch).

This interesting process is currently illustrated by the familiar song, *There Is a Tavern in the Town*, which Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc. recently published, with the bald, uncompromising statement "by Rudy Vallée." If Mr. Vallée wrote that song, he did it when he was a mere gleam in his grandfather's eye. It appears in the Ditson College Song Book of the early eighties, with the copyright credited to William H. Hills, as of 1883.

The English editions of the song, of which there are several, agree in tracing it back to a piece of Cornish folk-music, and it is obviously a close relative of the traditional song generally known as *The Butcher Boy*, which contains the classic final stanza:

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep
(wide and deep),
Put tomb-stones at my head and feet
(head and feet)
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

This stanza appears again in *Care-*

less Love, a familiar ornament of both the negro and the mountain music, and also figures in such variants of the *Butcher Boy* as *In Jersey City*, *The Brisk Young Lover*, etc., so it must have been a mere coincidence that it was written once more by Mr. Hills in 1883 and Mr. Vallée in 1934.

The publishers received such an unmerciful kidding over their gilded lily of the Vallée that they hastily republished *There Is a Tavern in the Town*, this time "by William H. Hills, edited and revised by Rudy Vallée." The chief revision is in the line of the chorus which has always been sung: "And remember that the best of friends must part, must part." The Vallée version of this is: "Oh! The time is come for you and I to say 'good-bye'." According to Mr. Shapiro, the bad grammar and unnecessary rhyme in this new line represent a "commercial value." Perhaps the same is true of the finish, when Mr. Vallée changes the established "Oh, may this world go well with thee" to a mere "Fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well,

fare-thee-well." (Possibly this was meant as a plug for the song *Fare-thee-well*, *Annabelle*, which appears in the same picture, *Sweet Music*.)

Even though *There Is a Tavern in the Town* was sung all last season in the revival of *The Drunkard* (and published by Ted Fiorito, in his own arrangement), the Hills copyright, which is recognized by the government and was renewed in 1911, has been officially assigned to Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc., and they now have a right to restrain anyone else from using the song, or to demand payment for its use. (It turned up again in the Will Rogers picture, *Life Begins at Forty*, which had nothing to do with Mr. Pitkin's book, or anything else remotely resembling reality.)

THE same publishers are credited in Washington with the copyright of the notorious *Frankie and Johnnie*, which is also about to appear on the screen. Opinions as to the age of this ribald folk-song vary. Emerson Hough, of *The Covered Wagon*, places it as early as 1849, but everybody agrees that it was composed long before 1912, which is the date of the Shapiro, Bern-



The custom of playing Mozart with a reduced orchestra seems to be better established every season.—The Critics.



"Not bad!"

stein copyright, crediting the Leighton Brothers and Ren Shields. The Leightons were a popular vaudeville team, who picked up many interesting bits of American folk-song in their travels and did not hesitate to call the material their own after it had become a part of their act. They claimed, among others, the railroad classic *Casey Jones*, although it was printed in California as by Newton and Seibert, two railroad men, and is generally believed to have been the actual work of a negro. *Steamboat Bill*, the river parallel to *Casey Jones*, is perhaps the most legitimate of the Leighton creations.

Their published version of *Frankie and Johnnie* is an insipid, emasculated thing, lacking even the essential tagline: "He was her man, but he done her wrong," and adding an artificial chorus (to establish the copyright), which has nothing to do with the original song and is rightly ignored by all *Frankie and Johnnie* singers.

Irving Berlin used the tune of *Frankie and Johnnie* for the verse of his song *She's my Baby*, and since that time it has appeared in many forms, with credit to various authors and

which was originally not quite fit to print, and of a certain song about a *King of England*, of sinister parentage, famed for his physical exploits. By a simple geographical process, Mr. Crumit turned him into a *King of Borneo*, and thus purified the whole idea.

In similar fashion Frank Luther has cleaned up *Barnacle Bill*, *the Sailor*, and John J. Niles has made even the old *Columbo* song fairly respectable. Bob Miller, in a volume of his "own" songs, changes the name of *Billy Boy* to *Bobby Boy* (possibly with a bow to himself), and both Miller and Crumit seem convinced that they invented this familiar old English tune.

In the same way Walter O'Keefe has by this time apparently made up his mind that he is the real creator of *The Man on the Flying Trapeze*, although it is quite definitely established that that classic of the circus first appeared in 1867. Mr. O'Keefe's ed-

composers. Among those who calmly claim the complete authorship of *Frankie and Johnnie* (at least in print) is Frank Crumit, an acknowledged leader in the business of rewriting old songs. If one is to believe the editions bearing his name, Mr. Crumit wrote not only *Frankie and Johnnie* but also *Abdul Abulbul Amir*, *Billy Boy*, *Granny's Old Armchair*, and a lot of other songs, all of which somehow achieved a wide circulation considerably before the earliest possible date of Mr. Crumit's birth.

There are Crumit versions also of *The Gay Caballero*,

itorial work on the song consisted chiefly of such words as "lousy" and "nerts", which at least gave it the necessary touch of modernism.

CARSON Robison, a master of the hill-billy style, has actually composed some excellent imitations of the real thing, but is also credited with inventing some material which strictly comes under the head of arrangements.

The late Theodore Morse and his publisher, Leo Feist, seem to have persuaded themselves that he wrote the music as well as the words of *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here*, for they protected both by copyright, and there is a rumor that they once thought seriously of restraining further publication of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*, from which the entire tune was taken. Geoffrey O'Hara reports that a publisher, who shall be nameless, once tried to keep him from issuing his own arrangement of *The Star Spangled Banner*, claiming infringement of copyright.

The Wreck of the Old '97 has figured recently in some litigation resulting from the claims of about fifty-odd mountaineers, each of whom was sure that he had written the words after it became known that the Victor Talking Machine Company was willing to pay royalties to the author if he could be found. This overwhelming rush of self-constituted authors naturally discouraged the good intentions of the recording company, but one of the claimants had the effrontery to bring suit, and was actually awarded damages by a Camden judge. He submitted a manuscript whose tune was *The Ship that Never Returned*, by Henry C.

Work, composer of *Marching through Georgia*, *Grandfather's Clock*, *Come Home, Father and Kingdom Coming*, all in the Civil War days. But the "author" had written his words under the quartet arrangement of the tune, one line for the soprano, one for the alto, one for the tenor and one for the bass, making no sense at all; and he had included a slip of the tongue made by Vernon Dalhart in his Victor recording (singing "aver-



age" instead of "air-brakes") which appears in no other version of *The Wreck of the Old '97*. The final decision on this case has not yet been made, but if the plaintiff collects it will make him automatically the dean of his profession. ("It's nice business if you can get it".)

ANOTHER old song at present working its way through the law-courts is *Home on the Range*, for which at least half a dozen people claim authorship. John Lomax and David Guion, both outstanding authorities on cowboy music, seem to have discovered the song independently, and either one of them might have called it his own, in the manner of the specialists in this line. Actually it seems to have been proved that the original *Home on the Range* was called *Colorado Home*, and was written in 1885 by C. O. Swartz, Bill McCabe, Bingham Graves and other prospectors in a cabin near Leadville, Colorado. But there is still another version, called *My Arizona Home*, for which claims are now being made, and at the moment the question is still unsettled. Swartz, who probably wrote the tune, is dead anyway, so the matter has become entirely a publisher's fight, which seems open to all comers.

It remained for the Triangle Music Company to discover the ultimate head man of the whole rewriting business of Tin Pan Alley. His name is E. V. Body, and he wrote, among other songs (without a bow to Henry C. Work) *The Ship that Never Returned*, *Oh, dem Golden Slippers* (with a similar coolness toward James Bland), the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* (wetted up as *Pass Around the Bottle*), *The Butcher Boy*, *She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain*, *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum*, *Birmingham Jail*, *Jesse James*, *Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane*, *The Gambler's Blues* (also known as *St. James Infirmary Blues*), *Poor Lonesome Cowboy*, *Casey Jones*, *It Ain't Gonna Rain no More*, *Barbara Allen*, *Frankie and Johnnie*, *Willie, the Weeper* and *The Letter Edged in Black*. This apparently puzzling phenomenon can be explained by simply pronouncing the name of the "composer" quickly, with the first initial accented as in "ever." It then becomes apparent that E. V. Body is merely a creation of the fertile imagination of Joe Morris, and means "every-

body," in the sense that all these songs are to be considered "in the public domain".

With such a dummy creator working for him, Mr. Morris has built up a substantial business in rewriting old songs, occasionally applying the process even to living composers, as when he made a fox-trot hit, *Somebody Loves Me*, out of the obscure waltz *I Want the Twilight and You*, by a Philadelphia music-teacher named Maskell.

Irving Berlin admitted that his popular *Easter Parade*, in *As Thousands Cheer*, was a rewrite of his own *Smile and Show Your Dimple*, dated 1914, to offset some embarrassing comparisons with Percy Wenrich's *Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet*, although both composers might as well have taken off their hats to *Rally Round the Flag, Boys*.

And so it goes. Dan Emmett is seldom mentioned as the creator of *Dixie*, and James Bland's responsibility

for *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* is generally ignored. The time may be not far off when we discover, to the satisfaction and profit of all concerned, that Paul Whiteman actually wrote *Old Folks at Home*, that Rudy Vallée is responsible not only for *There Is a Tavern in the Town* but for *Turkey in the Straw* as well and that George Cohan concocted *America* and *The Star Spangled Banner*.

—SIGMUND SPAETH

+

INSATIABLE

ONE week day off a week is what I wish I had, but haven't got.

One week day off in which to do
The chores I've not attended to
On Sunday. See the tailor. Send
The laundry. Order White Rock. Mend
My stockings. Stalk the errant button.
But no such luck! I'm just a glutton

—M. F.



"I think I'll plow under every third parsnip."



THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE growth of propaganda drama has been one of the most significant things about the past theatrical season. Its chief entrepreneurs, following upon the heels of Mr. Elmer Rice, have been the Theatre Union, down in the Luchow diocese, and the Group Theatre, up in the Automat and Sally Rand belt. It has inveighed against everything from the Nazis to labor conditions in the West Virginia coal-mines and has whooped it up for everything from the oppressed southern Negro to communism. Communism, of course, whatever the embellishing doodads, has been generally the main show. Sailors of Cattaro, stevedores of the American docks, amorous Russian movie directors on trans-Atlantic liners with an eye to the possibilities of colored wenches, New York taxi drivers, it matters not how first acts have started out, have one and all wound up in red union suits.

The best of the propaganda playwrights, if not the best of propagandists, has been Mr. Clifford Odets. This is the young man whom the gentlemen of the press have ecstatically hailed as The Works. No such critical tributes have been read hereabouts since the Shuberts some years ago stopped sending out cases of Haig and Haig at Christmas. But Mr. Odets should not despair, even though he may meditate that one Martin Flavin was once, and not so very long ago, hailed with a similar enthusiasm after *Children of the Moon*, that one Cleves Kinkead, some time before that, was touted as a genius *par excellence* on the score of a dish called *Common Clay*, that Dan Toth-eroh, more recently, has been anointed with the semen of pêche Melba because of *Wild Birds* and *Distant Drums*, and that, in short, it is a rare year that doesn't bring forth its dawning American Ibsen, or at least its potential Hauptmann. That Mr. Odets seems to have a considerable and positive talent for the theatre is certainly true, but that he is as yet the white-headed and purple-whiskered boy he has been confidently

announced to be is a horse of another color. While he reveals an aptitude for the melodramatic tricks of the stage that Mr. William Gillette might even in his prime have envied, while he can write dialogue with a glint of lightning to it, and while he indicates an integrity above the average, he is still, as a dramatist, much like a pianist who has learned all the notes and who has mastered the loud pedal but who has a very great deal yet to learn about harmony.

As a propagandist, moreover, our promising friend has an equal amount to learn. Expert propaganda consists in a sleight-of-hand shuffling of the deck and a sharky dealing out of the cards from the bottom, with the sucker persuaded that he has detected nothing wrong and duly hornswoggled. Odets stacks the deck so obviously and deals out his cards so awkwardly that he gives himself and his purpose away. In the theatre I, for one, despite all my public pretensions to an immaculate and unassailable critical sagacity, can readily be noused by a sufficiently wily playwright into believing, at least for the moment, almost anything. I have thus, in my time, been bamboozled into a sympathetic metaphysical liaison with everything from the invincible goodness of God to the doctrine that all bachelors possessed of a dress suit are romantic guinea pigs and from the theory that the American Indian invariably planned his attacks on white settlements and military garrisons strictly after the cumulative third act dramaturgical formula of Sardou to the sanctity of pure love. I have been, in a word, as I remain, a come-on for any skillful playwright, be he however otherwise an idiot. But doggone me and bust my britches if propaganda playwrights

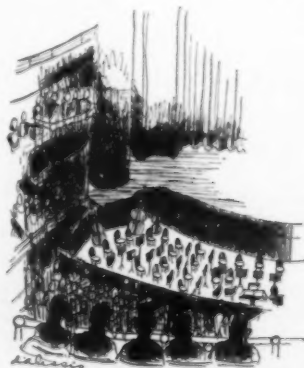
like Odets, for all their other virtues, can hocus me into their way of thinking by hitting me over the head—soft theatrically as it is—with the sledgehammer of their stark prejudices. I am perfectly willing to be converted to communism if need be, or to fascism, nudism, or even the Hay diet, but the job can't be accomplished by Odets boys who argue that Stalin is the only true redeemer and that everybody else is a louse because New York taxi drivers aren't paid enough by their villainous capitalistic bosses to buy even one evening shirt, much less a top hat, at Brooks Brothers (*vide Waiting for Lefty*) and because Hitler, like Franklin Roosevelt and Frances Perkins, is partial to means to frustrate communism that might be frowned upon by Emily Post (*vide Till the Day I Die*).

Odets' propaganda, in short, is for those who are already convinced of its subject matter before the curtain goes up. And Odets' drama is like Huey Long in that it has a world of extrinsic vitality with a minimum of intrinsic equilibrium. That is, so far.

IN *The Dominant Sex*, the Irish Michael Egan provided us with still another example of what may be termed the sweet bitch drama. This is a modernization of the older

drama wherein the wife, fiancée, sister or guardian aunt of the hero was presented as a strident and sour female who, under the guise of solicitude for his welfare, came near to wrecking his life and career. The new version offers us the identical female, but as one who does the identical thing in a

superficially loving and honeyed manner. In both versions, of course, the hero generally rounds out the evening



in much the same way. At quarter to eleven he either takes the stump and tells the abashed woman where she gets off, concluding his speech with a resounding slap in the face, or—if still deplorably resting under the stigma of being a gentleman—orders his valet to pack his things and announces to the female that she can henceforth go her own way and be damned, as he is going to live thereafter at his club.

The majority of these exhibits, past and present, belong to the literature of the pulp theatre, being in sum merely jitty paraphrases of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

PLAYS arguing that going out and getting shot in khaki for some theoretically lofty purpose is not so appealing to the calmer intelligence as staying at home and keeping one's self happily intact in tweeds are no particular novelty, and Mr. John Van Druten's *Flowers of the Forest* falls into that category. Nor does Mr. Van Druten's pacifist proclamation depart, save in one detail, from the customary dramatic treatment of the topic—and that detail, as well, is hardly to be described as excessively recherché, for all our friend Burns Mantle's curious and enthusiastic belief to the contrary. The detail in point, which Burns designates as "a fascinatingly new philosophy," is, as he puts it, "the human radio, no less." That is, "the suggestion that things said with passionate force hang about the place in the air and can be picked up years later by a properly attuned mind." Surely Burns, who has been covering the theatre for many years in Denver,

Chicago and New York, doesn't forget the old Watson, Bickel and Wrothe act (*circa* 1899) in which the same notion was advanced as to long ago played and lost melodies whose notes similarly hung about the place in the air and might be picked up years later by a properly attuned ear.

Mr. Van Druten is one of the more deft of the younger English playwrights and in this latest play, as in all of his others, there is a sensitive quality that not many of the British young men display. But the piece as a whole does not measure up to his past efforts and it remains in the end weak and even somewhat addled going. It lacks sound design and, in spite of some moments of nice writing, has a disconcertingly moist and squashy quality. Perhaps we are fed up with plays dealing with the last war and a playwright starts in that direction under a handicap. We have had our fill of psychically fastidious and affectible young men, usually with a gift for poetic expression, who have been disillusioned by the hypothetical glories of the battle-field, of young women who have been with child by them and who bitterly eat out their hearts for the rest of their lives when enemy guns cut the aforesaid young men down, and of fiery addresses on the fierce wrongness of it all. And we are ready for a lot more shows with Bobby Clark in them, as a consequence. It is Mr. Van Druten's misfortune to have come along at least half a dozen years too late. The local theatre turned pacifist long before he did.

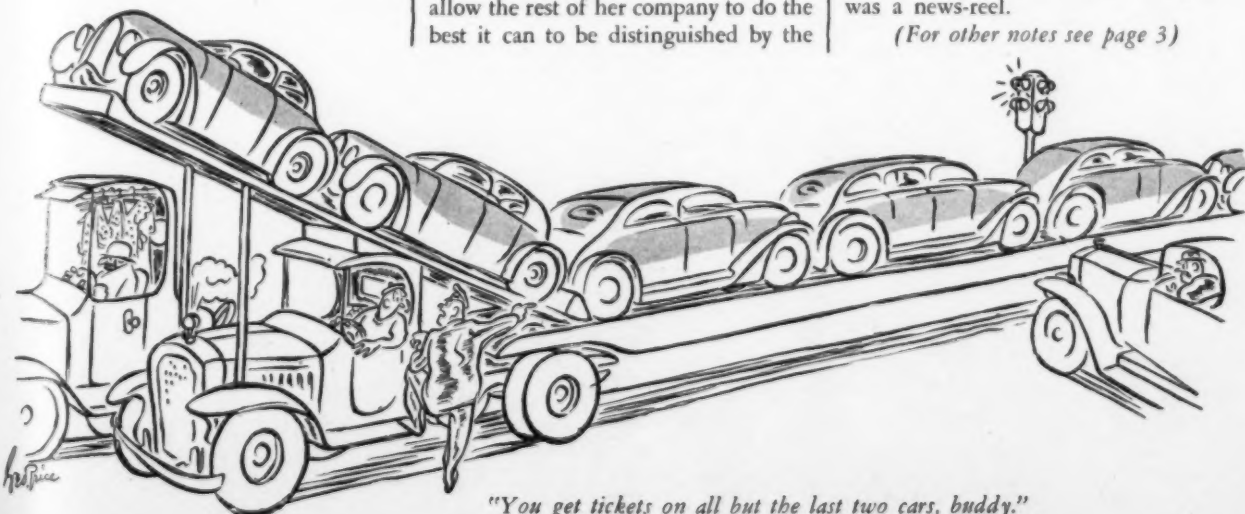
Miss Katharine Cornell is sponsor of the exhibit and appears in the leading rôle. In spite of an apparent willingness to have herself constantly illuminated by baby spotlights *à la* Belasco and to allow the rest of her company to do the best it can to be distinguished by the

audience in the surrounding shadows, she does about all that any actress could do with a rôle that is mostly outlines. As always, however, it is not so much her acting, whether good or not good, that impresses her audiences and critics as the definite dignity and feeling of honest endeavour for what is best in the theatre that hangs about the place in the air and is picked up by the people out front. It is that quality—and a fine one it is—rather than her acting that has, one guesses, given Miss Cornell the public's title of First Actress of our theatre.

CEILING ZERO, by Frank Wead, was quite plainly the work of a man who knows all there is to know about aviation and Hollywood but who still is somewhat deficient in the department of worthy dramatic writing. That his stage composition was designed primarily for the camera was obvious not only to anyone who has taken a cinema course in dozens of similar film stories wherein two or three war birdmen and buddies persistently slap each other jocularly on the back, get into fights over the same girl and wind up heroically taking each other's place in a dangerous plane and plunging to their deaths, but to even the more intelligent stranger who—upon entering the Music Box—observed the ballyhoo Klieg lights festooned around the lobby and the presence of the thirteen Warner Brothers, overly resplendent in glistening dinner jackets, on the sidewalk outside.

Although the name of Mr. Brock Pemberton was listed as the sponsor, nobody, in short, was fooled. All that the evening lacked to make it complete was a news-reel.

(For other notes see page 3)







+
**THE
AMERICAN
SCENE**

Number Four

+
**"THE
ENEMY'S
PUBLIC"**

by
Don Freeman

[See page 52 for
notes on
Artist Freeman]

+



GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked* not suitable for children)

JUST how much humiliation should we movie customers take from these mystery films of which we are getting so many, these nights?

I mean, just how much mystification should we endure at their hands in the name of entertainment without rising and yelling, "Here, wait a minute! We didn't quite get that!"

We don't want to get a complete inferiority complex, going to these infernal things.

I enjoy most of them almost sappily, but usually with the sheepish feeling that things are going too fast for me and that my faculties are dulling a little with the passing years. I've always been quite sure that everybody else was up with the picture throughout.

That is, until recently, when I conducted a "survey" in the hope of retaining my self-esteem. I questioned a lot of my friends and found that they, too, muffed many of these mystery shows, and I found that they, too, come away from each of these fast thrillers with a little loss of self-respect.

So, I, personally, have adopted the attitude that if any of these pictures seem incomprehensible to me in the future they *are* incomprehensible.

Star of Midnight

NOW there was *Star of Midnight*, for instance. I got no more hang of this picture than I did of the Dutch Treat Show at the Waldorf on the night of April 5th, during most of which I was up on the seventh floor visiting the sick. There are so many people in this film that it seems something of a drunken phantasmagoria throughout. I'm poor on names, anyway. (I never forget a face, but I'm poor on names, and you can't stop a movie and ask each new character how he spells his name.)

I didn't mind the mystification of

Star of Midnight greatly, however, because it is a live-and-kicking film throughout, and it comes awfully close to recapturing the larkfulness of *The Thin Man*. William Powell is in it, and he again solves a big murder mystery with his little finger. (Don't ask me how.) Myrna Loy is out of it, alas, but Ginger Rogers is given lots of saucy lines (in addition to those bestowed upon her by Good Old Mother Nature) and she fills the bill very happily. Eight people are suspected of the kidnapping of a masked musical comedy star and the murder of a newspaper gossipalist, and eight people are a lot of people to keep straight, the first evening you meet them.

The Casino Murder Case

IN *The Casino Murder Case*, it was the poisons which got me all balled up. Death lurks in everything from bonbons to eye-wash, and for a while even heavy water is under suspicion. This is another Philo Vance story, with Paul Lukas as Philo, making everything as clear as mud, and making sure that he is shot with blank cartridges. Mr. Lukas, usually excellent in rôles which call for sympathy, doesn't quite get away with one in which playfulness is indicated. Rosalind Russell, usually excellent in rôles which call for hate, herein pumps her charm somewhat too obviously.

The Man Who Knew Too Much

THE English language as chewed by the British-Gaumont cast adds to the mystification of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, but this film has such a grim plot that it becomes about as strong a dose of melodrama as you can stand at one sitting. An

English father and mother, who fall quite by accident into a bit of information which a pack of foreign spies do not want to get out, are intimidated into silence by the kidnapping of their daughter (Nova Pilbeam). Peter Lorre is the chief of the kidnappers—a bad baby. Technically, this English production is laughably crude in spots, and it is aggravatingly jumpy in others, and the photography is amateurish, but, even with all these faults, it is a knock-out, and well worth seeing if you like to hear your teeth rattle.

Four Hours to Kill

FOUR HOURS TO KILL isn't exactly a mystery picture, but it's a thriller, and a bang-up thriller at that. From the first foot, it is fresh in conception, fresh in authorship and fresh in direction. (It is based on *Small Miracle*.)

The whole business takes place in a theatre during the performance of a musical show (and, as an example of the director's originality and sense, he doesn't give us a single squint at the musical show, simply because that show has nothing to do with this show; imagine the nerve it took to leave out rows of kicking chorus girls).

Richard Barthelmess (excellent), as a convict on his way back to the death house after an escape and recapture, is brought to the show handcuffed to a cop, to help kill four hours until train time. Plenty happens. Mixed in the story before it ends are the coat-room boy, his sweetheart, a wife who is cheating her husband, the head usherette, the doorman, and others. It's a bit grand-hotelly, you see, but not annoyingly so. And it has a way of being itself which you don't get in 1 movie in 1,000.



Cardinal Richelieu

GEORGE ARLISS is less of the village cut-up than usual in *Cardinal Richelieu*, and this makes it better than his usual excellent, although he still sometimes suggests Chandu or Cardini with his way of pulling the right thing out of his sleeve at the right time (including the salvation of France). This may sound a little irreverent, but that is what a great artist gets for appearing in a new picture every few weeks. When we used to see Mr. Arliss only about once every ten years on the legitimate stage we were more inclined to regard him as a god. And, despite all the investment in *Cardinal Richelieu*, one feels on rather level terms with it when Louis XIII starts off by splitting an infinitive in the very first line he speaks. But *Richelieu* remains a beautifully staged and beautifully photographed movie of French court life and is well worth seeing if you dote on such things.

Les Miserables

LES MISERABLES has the majestic and noble tread of a classic. It is one of the great pictures of the decade. And I do not mean by that that it is colossal, stupendous and magnificent. I believe it has one or two big "scenes," but what I remember is

its steady, dignified, impressive telling of an immense human story in the grand style. This corner of LIFE has picked at the acting of Fredric March and Charles Laughton in many of their recent pictures; it scoffed at both of them in the highly touted *Barretts*, for example. This corner of LIFE now makes an humble curtsy to each of these able gentlemen. In *Les Miserables* they return to acting in the best sense of the word. The robot is all gone out of Mr. March and Mr. Laughton no longer merely stares into space and blubbers.

Black Fury

EVEN when Paul Muni, as the roughneck hero of *Black Fury*, wins his one-man coal strike, he seems to win by stupidity and obstinacy rather than by some of the nobler virtues. And that is why Mr. Muni is a great actor. Most movie actors would switch from ape to superman at this point, but Mr. Muni keeps his roughneck consistent throughout; he conceives a character, and plays it the way he starts it. The whole of *Black Fury*, with all of its events and tragedies, grows right out of the character Mr. Muni portrays. It's a powerful and important picture.

Paul is a big, good-natured, black bear of a coal miner, dumb as an ox, primitive, and happy and likable until

his girl runs off with a cop. This blow unbalances him so that he is an easy tool for the scheming strike-breaking organization which is trying to disrupt the men in the mines in which Paul works.

Mississippi

IN *Mississippi*, a rather washed-out tale of the old South, Bing Crosby, grown a bit senatorial as to girth, portrays a mild-mannered, honey-voiced Northerner who, because of his refusal to fight somebody he doesn't know, over something he doesn't understand, is branded as a coward. To get away from it all, Bing joins a showboat troupe managed by W. C. Fields, and accidentally gets into a brawl with a tough guy whom he shoots between the verses of one of his songs. That Bing should shoot somebody during one of his songs almost constitutes news, on the dog-bites-man theory. This is just a joke, not a knock, for I really enjoy those things that Bing does with his unusual vocal equipment. After this brawl, Bing becomes Bing-Bing Crosby, and W. C. Fields devotes much of his time to building up the reputation of Crosby the killer. Since Mr. Fields is practically a four-star or double-GO picture in himself, I commend *Mississippi* to your purse.

(For other notes see page 3)



"Mr. Haverstraw of the Santa Fe is in New York for a few days. Please show him every courtesy of our lines."



"While There's Life, There's Hope"

SHEEP

THIS is the season of the year when the university authorities, who have been actively engaged during the winter in warning the college monthlies about smut, go through their annual obscene performance with the honorary degrees. Sitting pompously around the long table in the trustees' room, they decide which manufacturer of hair tonic shall be awarded a Ph. D. and which donor of a field house for the track team shall be honored with a Doctorate of Laws. Occasionally a figure of importance in science, literature or art is included in the list but he walks in the academic procession with various precinct police judges, stray Congressmen and manufacturers of odd parts for farm tractors.

The political angle is now so pronounced that no cabinet member could leave office with anything less than a trunkful of degrees pronouncing him more profound than Einstein and more noble than Galahad. Nothing is better calculated to create respect for Higher Education than the sight of the Hon. Blufuss Swatt standing solemnly on a platform with the tassel of his mortar board hitting him in the eye and the Dean of the Law Department reading a long eulogy having to do with the Hon. Blufuss's kinship with Blackstone. The young prodigies who are about to enter upon a world of travail can understand from this that for one man who has been honored by his alma mater for his researches into higher mathematics, there have been hundreds of honorable Swatts who have achieved the distinction by the simple process of stuffing the ballot box in the Sixth Ward.

The subject resolves itself into a consideration of Boards

of Trustees and Boards of Regents with the fact becoming plain that what has long been charged against the domination of education by influences far removed from the taint of culture is overwhelmingly true. If the faculty members are not examining their beliefs to make certain that the obvious facts before their eyes do not creep into their public utterances, they are mollifying gentlemen who may not be able to read with pleasure but who can cast a monkey wrench with the finest of public wreckers. When college boards are not dominated by the gentlemen who have put up the money for the buildings, they are run by state legislators. As a consequence, our solemn talk about academic freedom is blather and

we are in for another month of June which will see craven catering to non-entities elevated to achievement.

With educational appropriations being cut and endowments falling off, there is small likelihood that we are to see a revival of the time when a man was honored because of achievements rather than because of his position. The graduation exercises this year, as for many years past, will prove that while American educators may not be preserving the high standards of academic learning, they at least are upholding the social amenities. It can never be said that the American universities and colleges are neglecting the country's intellectual leaders, illiterate as they may be.

—K. S. C.



Left to right: Five-cent cigar baron, chain drugstore owner, petty politician, washing machine manufacturer, patent medicine king.

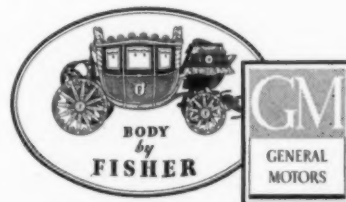
f June
o non-
ons be-
g off,
we are
hen a
chieve-
s posi-
s year,
re that
not be
f aca-
re up-
It can
n uni-
ng the
terate
S. C.



Over your head put the solid steel protection of the "TURRET TOP" Body by Fisher... now featured on La Salle, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Master De Luxe series Chevrolet, for 1935

"Happily ever after"

Whether you are selecting a partner for life, a corsage for the moment, or a motor car for a period of years, good taste and good judgment form the foundation for sound choice. Time has taught the world that there can be no happier choice among automobiles than one with a Body by Fisher. That is because, by any standard you set—whether rugged strength, authentic beauty, luxurious comfort, superb craftsmanship or solid safety—you will find in Body by Fisher not only surpassing value but lasting satisfaction.



BODY BY FISHER on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC



The air-conditioned hat

THE Hawley Tropper has come north from the tropics to set new standards of hot-weather comfort and swanky summer style. Incomparably cool... it's made of Hawlite, a strong, lightweight, insulating material that sheds both sun and rain. For the first time in any hat, the Hawley Tropper affords scientific air-conditioning... fresh air circulates coolly and constantly between head and hat. This summer keep a cool head in the hot sun... under a stylish Hawley Tropper. The smartest hat for street, for sports, for every outdoor occasion. \$1 to \$3 at leading stores. Hawley Products Co., St. Charles, Ill., London, Eng.

Also Hawley Jungle Hats (air-conditioned) 25c and 50c, at dealers' everywhere.

SPORTS PARADE

BY PAUL GALICO

Monkey Business



WHETHER or no you agree with the ideas expounded by this department, you must at all times admire its accuracy and the keen insight it gives you into inside sports dope, and "The news before it becomes news." This I am able to do naturally through my newspaper connections. For instance, as a concrete example, I told you last month that Braddock and Lasky had fought themselves such a slow, ridiculous brawl that they both eliminated themselves from further consideration as heavyweight contenders and that Max Schmeling would positively meet Max Baer in the Madison Square Garden Bowl this summer. I now discover that James J. Braddock is matched to fight Max Baer for the championship in the Madison Square Garden Bowl this June 13 next, and do not quite know what to make of it. Could I have been wrong? It hardly seems possible. And yet upon investigation I find that they really mean to send that poor, slow-thinking, slow-moving dock wallop from Jersey into the ring with Max Baer this June, and charge you somewhere between eighteen and twenty-three dollars for the privilege of watching Baer bat him unconscious.

The match was practically forced upon Madison Square Garden by the little group of petty politicians known as the New York State Athletic Commission, for what reason no one can exactly fathom, because Mr. James J. Braddock is a freight rustler on a Jersey railroad pier, a poor but honest lad who cannot

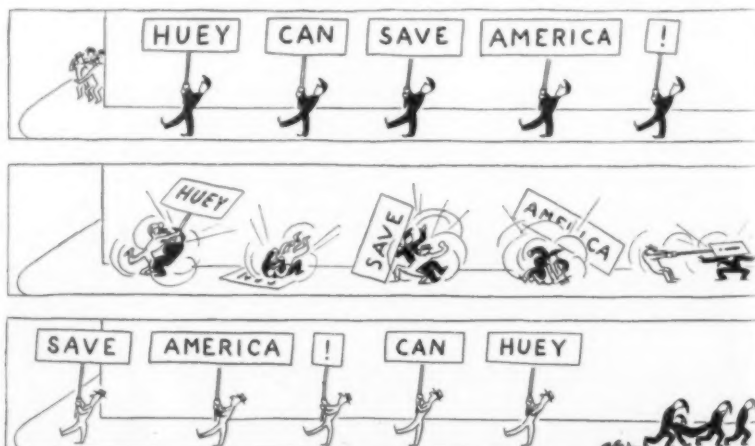
be expected to do much for the democracy of the State of New York except possibly poll a few Irish votes for the current administration. But if this is the Board's reason for declaring Braddock the No. 1 challenger, it is in line with the usual advanced type of celebration for which the boxing commission is noted. If Baer slaughters Braddock with a couple of punches as he should, the Irish are going to be mad as hell.

Madison Square Garden, once the proud monopolist of the bent bugles and crinkle ears, has, bit by bit, through internal bickering around the Board table, lack of initiative, and more or less pusillanimous submission to the crackpot rulings of the State Commission, been pushed practically completely out of boxing. The Braddock-Baer fight isn't worth ten dollars in stage money as an attraction, and the two big fights of the early summer, Ross-McLarnin and Joe Louis-Prima Carnera, were captured by the Hearst crowd under the promotion of that old silent partner of Tex Rickard's, the ticket speculator, Mike Jacobs.

I still think my idea of Schmeling and Baer in the Garden Bowl was a good one. Is it my fault if the biggest boxing promotion concern in the world can't make the one outstanding heavyweight match?

Good Aim

AS they walked up the 15th fairway of the Augusta National Golf Links, to where their drives lay not far from one another, Hagen and Sarazen chatted gaily enough although the moment was sufficiently tense. Hagen was out of it, but Sarazen needed to chisel three strokes from par to tie Craig Wood in the Master's Open



"Quit picking on us and jump on the men"

Three ladies, hopping mad,
take us to task
for sparing careless men



Advertising Dept.,
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

July 6, 1934

Gentlemen:

Your ad, which I am enclosing, certainly burns me up!

Will you kindly explain just why, although there are mostly boys in the picture, the moral is for girls? Do you think girls have a monopoly on halitosis? Let me assure you that they certainly have not. Just ask a few girls of your acquaintance, and find out. Learn how many girls dread to see certain chaps come over to ask them to dance, because it is such an ordeal to face the boy's breath. Believe me, there are plenty of ruined romances due to halitosis on the part of the man.

Now let me see you direct an occasional ad against the men—but I just bet you won't!

Very sincerely yours,
Miss F. E. Y.
Staten Island, N. Y.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

October 20, 1934

Gentlemen:

I am writing to tell you that your last ad, taking women to task for having halitosis (bad breath) has annoyed me and several of my women friends. My work happens to bring me in contact with the public and I know from experience that for every woman who has bad breath there are at least nine men. If you wish to do a real service to everybody, direct a few of your ads to men. They're the real offenders.

Mrs. A. F. P.
Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Manager,
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Jan. 11, 1935

Dear Sir:

You'd think from reading your ads that nobody but women had halitosis, and that men went around smelling as sweet as May blossoms.

If you knew what you were talking about you'd know that most men have got halitosis about half of the time. But they're too self-satisfied, vain, stupid, and conceited to do anything about it. They think that just because they're men they can get away with anything and we women have to stand around and pretend we like it.

I don't know what value you place on your women customers but you're going to lose a lot of them if you don't give the men their just deserts in one ad at least.

Mrs. M. F. S.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

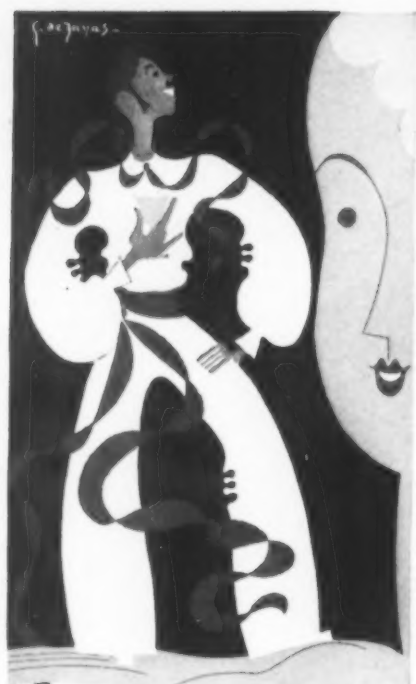
Men are the worst

MEN ARE INDEED the worst offenders in spite of the fact that we have directed at least 2 million dollars' worth of advertising to them on the subject of halitosis. It is true, however, that most of our advertisements are directed to women. We feel that women are the biggest factors in influencing men.

We are glad to print the above letters. Perhaps men will read them and resolve to go forth, fastidiously speaking, and sin no more!

Halitosis (bad breath) is unforgivable in either social or business life—unforgivable because inexcusable. It can be so quickly and pleasantly corrected by the use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of mouth odors; then gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it morning and night and between times before social and business engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine takes your breath away



WIN THE
LADY'S SMILE,
SEÑOR,
WITH A
BACARDI
COCKTAIL
MIXED LIKE THIS

Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ green lime
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful granu-
lated sugar
1 jigger Bacardi
Shake well with
cracked ice



AVOID SUB-
STITUTES

SEE THE
BOTTLE

Copr., 1935,
Schenley Im-
port Corp.,
sole importer
for the U. S. for
COMPAÑIA
RON BACARDI,
S. A.

or Annual Bobby Jones tournament. There were left to play a par five hole on which Sarazen had already taken one stroke, his drive, a par three and two mean, tough, homecoming fours. This meant he had to birdie three holes, or eagle one and birdie another. Hagen said—"What are you going to use here?" The green and the pin lay 230 yards away, all down slope, and across a tiny creek and pond. Sarazen said—"A No. 4 wood, and hit it for the back of the cup. You can't tell in this game. They are likely to drop in from anywhere." He then hit the ball with a spoon off a close, downhill lie, into the cup on the green 230 yards away, for a double eagle 2, on a par five hole, stole all his three strokes from par on ONE hole, and came home 3-4-4, to tie Wood, and beat him the next day.

There was a lot of talk about luck and horseshoes thereafter, but I maintain that it was damn good aim. In the general amazement over the feat, one of the most astounding and miraculous shots ever played in the last round of a major competition, the boys and girls overlooked this fact. In addition to the No. 4 wood that did the trick, Sarazen hit the ball with twenty years of golf experience, with thousands of long, tedious hours of practice, with steady nerves, with indomitable courage and with the avowed intention of getting it up as close to that pin as he possibly could. The ball never wavered off the line of the pin, it struck the right spot with the right speed and the right direction. There may have been a little luck in that shot, but I was walking with him when he made it, and I tell you it was nine-tenths Sarazen.

Baseball—Rookie Makes Good

IF you went to work on a new job the first day, and inside of three hours, put over a deal worth a million dollars, confounded the greatest business rival of your firm, brought in all of the business done by the firm on that day, and once when another member had become a little careless, stepped in and saved the situation brilliantly, you would have done just about what Babe Ruth did in Boston April 16 when he made his debut as a National Leaguer with the Boston Braves playing against the New York Giants. The new hand certainly made good.

Fencing

THIS department is shortly planning to announce a campaign against ladies indulging in any kind of sport where they stick out in funny places. Fencing is supposed to be

a lithe, graceful game, but not when little fat girls put on what look like long, black silk, ah . . . well, I mean pants sort of, though not exactly pants, but more dr . . . or rather underwear type of thing.

Maybe it will just broaden the campaign to include ladies indulging in any kind of sport at all. The lady fencers who took part in the Women's National Foils Championship at the Fencer's Club in New York were pretty bad from the technical point of view, and shocking as a spectacle. The best lady fencer in the United States is a tall blonde German Brunhilde named Helene Mayer. The second best is a skinny but cute little gal from Brooklyn named Dorothy B. Locke who chews gum while she fences and makes funny faces. Miss Locke and Miss Mayer fought a bristling fight, but when it was all over and Miss Mayer won and they took their masks off, they were still just a couple of rather strange looking gals with their hair mussed.

Crew

HOT tip right from the Coxswain's seat. Keep your eye on that Navy Crew stroked by a young fellow by the name of Joe Hood. Hood rowed No. 7 in the Navy boat last year. They moved him up into the Director's Seat, and then starboard rigged the boat so the rest of the boys wouldn't have to change sides. Hood strokes that boat the way Toscanini leads the Brahms Fourth. He is the Crew Coach's dream. If the way they pulled away from Columbia on the Harlem last month is any criterion, look out for Navy this year.

(Other sport notes on page 46)



"This is my third time in."



Keep cool
on the alkaline side...

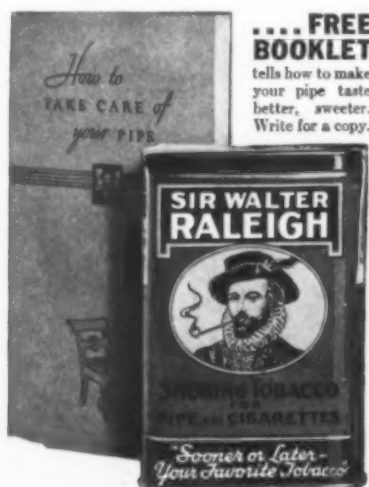
LOST BY A NOSE!



THE race was neck and neck—up to the moment Railbird Ralph let loose a puff of hoosegow tobacco from his never-curved pipe.

It's the horselaugh for you now, Friend Ralph. But you can easily make yourself choice company for man and beast. Sluice out the old briar. Get it really clean and sweet. Then tamp it full of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. You've heard men praise its mildness. You've heard women extol its fragrant aroma. Now try a tin. See if this ever-so-mild blend of gentle Kentucky Burleys in a well-kept pipe isn't a combination that wins any race. Particularly the human.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. O-56



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

CONTENTS NOTED

BY KYLE CRICHTON



AS a general thing I maintain a friendly attitude toward publishers, finding them pleasant if not decorative.

They come in strange combinations. There is the publisher who signs a contract and calls up next day to ask if he might not have further time for consideration. There is the second gentleman who wears his hat in the office on the theory that he may get rid of embarrassing visitors by pretending that he is just on the way out to keep an appointment. But they are more to be desired than the former publisher who selected his manuscripts by hefting them and sensing where they might fit into a list which might have too many fat books or too many thin books, as the case might be.

There are publishers who have intelligence without taste and others who have an unerring sense of the quality of the work without understanding in the least what it's about. What irritates me most are the lofty gentlemen who stress the fact that they are issuing only a few selected masterpieces a season and include in their list a volume entitled *Tales of a Colony Club Waitress or Toothpicks With Lunch*. There are the other nuisances who make an esoteric rite of their quite commercial enter-

prise and the others who feel that selling books is no different from selling potatoes provided that every word over one syllable has a lascivious connotation.

What prompts me to these musings is a volume by George H. Doran which should be a warning to all other publishers. It is called *Chronicles of Barabas* (Harcourt, Brace) and I feel it would have been more discreet of Mr. Doran if he had refrained. Since publishing is one of the ancient forms of priesthood, with the yearly crop of Harvard graduates debating whether they will go into their uncle's bank or into the polite world of letters, it is the duty of all practitioners to maintain the illusion that a publisher is as rare as an antelope egg and as precious as Noel Coward. As head of his own publishing house and later as a partner in the firm of Doubleday, Doran, our author cut an important figure in the period covering, roughly, 1900 to 1920, and it is far from gratifying to learn that he was something less than a literary giant. It becomes evident almost immediately that he was unable to resist any English author or agent who came armed with spats and accent to his suite at the Savoy Hotel in London. He bought English novels by the dozens and published them in such swarms that one could only suspect that he worked on the theory that



'Mrs. Brooks isn't company today, dear—she came to say something.'

if he threw enough of them at the ceiling one or two were bound to stick. One is permitted to doubt that he read the books he published because no mere human could have mingled so gracefully in British society and had strength left for his home work. However, that phase of his life interests me very little. He was entitled to do as he pleased with the geniuses he discovered on every London journey. What fascinates me are his literary judgments and the mind of the great man.

If I am outspoken with Mr. Doran, it is because he is most unctuous and arbitrary in his own views, rendering his literary pronouncements with such finality that it is hardly likely any future critic will have the courage to challenge him. If he feels that Michael Arlen who wrote *The Green Hat* is a great man and D. H. Lawrence a lecherous, evil-minded creature because of *The Rainbow*, I can only conclude that Mr. Doran was a publisher who could resist his pious inclinations when the sales ran into the hundreds of thousands. He speaks of Somerset Maugham in terms commonly reserved for the Deity and has nothing but scorn for John Dos Passos, who went so far as to indicate in *Three Soldiers* that warriors in the trenches were men who swore.

He seems to have had little interest in American literature, getting his only worthwhile books after John Farrar came as his editorial assistant. Before that a red-headed wild man named Sinclair Lewis had worked at the same job but when he came to write his own books he gave them to another firm, evidently aware that Doran would prefer an Edgar Wallace any day to a *Main Street*. In all, *Chronicles of Barabbas* gives me the same uncomfortable feeling I have when I see a group of earnest actors struggling with a silly drama. Mr. Doran is so pitifully proud of his English associations and so ponderously disdainful of anything but the second-rate that you are forced to conclude that a smile from Margot Asquith or dinner in Cadogan Square with Arnold Bennett was as nearly paradise as a lowly North American might aspire. However, I may be doing him an injustice. He did appreciate American letters and American genius. He felt very deeply that the Hon. James M. Beck, Congressman from Pennsylvania, was a great man and a great author.

After the Doran pomposity, it is refreshing to get to something as lusty and roughhouse as *Judgment Day*

(Continued on page 49)

Keep HAPPY with COOL shaves



There's no such thing as a hot shave for any man who uses Ingram's Shaving Cream and a good blade. Every shave is *cool* and comfortable.

Three special ingredients of this rich, foamy lather take out all the stings and jabs, tone the skin, and shield it against scuffing and rawness. No burning, no smarting, no need for a lotion. Your face feels fine without it.

Your first tube or jar will convince you that an Ingram's shave is the world's best. And inexpensive, too. Ingram's lathers so freely that you need far less cream to tame your whiskers. Prove it with a *trial tube*.



Try the world's coolest shave

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-65
110 Washington St., New York, N.Y.

I'm hot about cool shaves. Let me try a 10-shave tube of Ingram's, free.



Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Remember -
you don't have to *prove*
to me those tires are
blowout-proof"



The greatest value that
be built into a tire is HUMAN MILEAGE—
quality that makes the tire itself last longer
extra safety that makes you last longer.
That's what we mean by HUMAN MILEAGE. Q
in the General Tire are all of these protect
features present.

- BLOWOUT-PROOF PROTECTION
- SKID-SAFE TRACTION
- LOW PRESSURE COMFORT
- SHOCKLESS RIDING
- TENSION-FREE DRIVING

THE GENERAL

Dual-BALLOON
"THE BLOWOUT-PROOF TIRE"

Ta
ges
bel
Six
Eig
Nin

1.
the
Ch
Ala
Jud

2.
A
Th
G.
stat
✓ Bos

3.
of
Tay
Bl

4.
soa
kid
ad

5.
go
"W
left
VA
"N
"Ba

6.
ciat
bor
air

7.
dres
cou
bus
stee

8.
loc
Sye
✓ Sm

9.
com
mor
ex-p
Pal

10.
han
torc
✓ boos

11.
Idal
Neb

LIFE'S GAME DEPARTMENT

JUNE

"A Paper to Make You Think."

1935

ARE YOU SURE?

Take a pencil and check one of the suggested answers in each of the questions below. Your score in the Fifties is Fair ... Sixties, So-So ... Seventies, Swell ... Eighties, Excellent. If you get into the Nineties ...!

1. If there was only one straw hat left in the world it would probably be worn by:
Charles Chaplin Stepin Fetchit
Maurice Chevalier J. P. Morgan
Judge Landis Rabbi S. Wise
2. One of these statements is false:
A baby is born with the sense of touch.
The largest state in the Union is Montana.
G. Washington is on the Hawaiian 2 cent stamp.
✓ Boston is the capital of Massachusetts.
3. One of these men was not a President of the United States:
Taylor Fillmore Tyler Adams Harrison
Blaine Van Buren Arthur Polk Hayes
4. Sells-Floto is the name of:
soap chips rubber bathing suit
kidney disease ✓ circus laxative
advertising agency canoe manufacturer
5. If your young son expressed a desire to go to the abattoir you might say:
"Why didn't you think of that before we left?"
✓ "A slaughterhouse is no place for boys."
"No, mummie doesn't feel hungry today."
"But you're too small for that game, dear!"
6. Cluett, Peabody & Co. should be associated in your mind with:
boose collars stocks and bonds cigarettes
air conditioning ✓ shirts canned soup
7. One of these is a required part of the dress for ladies presented at the English court:
busle high neck Plymouth Rock feather
sweater ✓ train knee-length skirt
8. Al Capone's prison on Alcatraz Island is located near:
San Diego Jacksonville Atlanta New Orleans
✓ San Francisco Spokane New York Chicago
9. The Izaak Walton League is a society composed of:
moions New England yachtsmen
ex-polar explorers nudists
Palm Beach tourists ✓ fishermen
10. The Statue of Liberty holds in her left hand:
torch copy of Marx's "Das Kapital"
✓ book representing the Law driver's license
11. Senator Borah's home state is:
✓ Idaho Wisconsin Ohio Pennsylvania
Nebraska North Dakota Wyoming Utah

12. The word "saga" is used correctly in one of these sentences:
He gave her a saga on the jaw.
The drought has ruined the saga crop.
✓ Raptly they listened to the old Norse saga.
One look told him the saga was broken.
13. One of these words is misspelled:
manoeuvre anaemia parallel irrelevant
extraordinary ✓ beleite codesce divertisement
14. The first round-the-world flight was made by:
Laura Ingalls Post and Gatty Wiley Post
✓ U.S. Army General Balbo Kingsford-Smith
15. If you wanted to climb to the highest spot in North America you would attack:
Empire State Building Pike's Peak
Mr. McKinley Mr. Whitney
Long's Peak Cotton Club ✓ Mt. Rainier
16. Benjamin Franklin was all but one of these:
diplomat writer postmaster philanthropist
street paver ✓ Republican punster soldier
17. Persons who weep easily at sentimental movies are:
bellicose jocose ✓ achrymose bibulous
libidinous portentous querulous cellulose
18. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is usually thought of in connection with:
rodeos Kiwanis picnics
✓ new races anthropology
19. The daisy chain is a much publicized feature of one of these colleges:
Notre Dame Mt. Holyoke Wellesley ✓ Vassar
Radcliffe Smith Sweet Briar
20. Indianapolis celebrates every Memorial Day with:
apple festival dog fight ✓ auto race
free beer rodeo clam bake bath
21. One of these persons is unmarried:
Mussolini Hugh Johnson Helen Wills
Henry Ford ✓ Hitler Einstein Amelia Earhart
22. The next line following "'Twas a balmy summer evening—" is:
✓ "And the nightingale cooed low—"
"The frost was on the pumpkin—"
"And a goodly crowd was there—"
"But my heart was sore and sad—"
23. If you had three pounds of butter, 13 ounces of salt, and one and one-half pounds of sugar you would have:
waffles 76 ounces 84 ounces
four pounds and 12 ounces ✓ 85 ounces
five pounds butterscotch
24. Women who like cerise-colored gowns like one of these colors:
midnight blue morning-after green
✓ cherry red deep purple rusty brown
pale lavender Eleanor blue yellow

25. A right-handed golfer whose drives persistently curve to the left is guilty of:
✓ booking cursing topping
slicing lobbing chiseling
26. There is a true statement here if you can find it:
These has never been a Baptist President.
✓ Mr. Vernon was not built by George Washington.
The Chicago Century of Progress lost \$500,000.
The world's largest banks are in the U. S.
27. If you were going from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Panama Canal you would be going:
west east southwest southeast ✓ northwest
28. The first name of Reilly, chief defense counsel at the Hauptmann trial, is:
Elliot Edmund Henry ✓ Edward Edison Irving
29. "Stay on the Alkaline Side" should be associated in your mind with:
Sal-Hepatica Seagram's
20-Mule Team Borax W'hite Rock
✓ Milk of Magnesia Canard Line
30. The word "comparable" is correctly pronounced:
com-PAIR-able ✓ KOM-parable
com-pair-RABBLE Com-prabble
31. If an enraged radio listener wished to avoid the Isle of Capri when he traveled, he would steer clear of:
Red Sea Lake Michigan Mediterranean
✓ Caribbean Black Sea Gulf of Mexico
Indian Ocean Hawaiian Islands
32. One of these words is spelled correctly:
philanthrophist imminent sculptur kidnaper
sentinal parafin redulent ✓ repetition
33. If you wanted to obtain an original drawing of Andy, Uncle Bim or Little Chester you would write to:
Westbrook Pegler Soglow Peter Arno
✓ Sidney Smith Albert Payson Terhune
34. Anthony Eden is:
Dickens character ✓ famous trotting mare
Pres. U. S. Gypsum Co. Head of I. O. O. F.
noted Nazi English Lord Privy Seal
35. Those who equivocate:
stridulate ✓ mislead by double meanings
dance poorly argue stubbornly pout
36. "Au Gratin" means:
cooked with mushrooms "with gratitude"
✓ fish with brown crusted top with gravy
37. One of these would look a little more at home than the others in your guest bedroom:
lama musk ox water buffalo llama
Percheron stallion African darter ✓ mummy
(Continued on page 42)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. This will teach you.
9. The course of advanced thought.
14. High class.
22. All things being equal.
23. Gets the bird.
24. Does the most good.
26. Put in practise.
27. Something shaky.
29. One of the leading lights.
30. Pidgeon talk.
31. Scotch companion in a bar.
32. Nothing to strain over.
34. A regular war-horse.
36. Now's the time.
38. Just a little stunt.
39. A gradual decline.
40. A disturbing fact.
42. Still.
43. This is a ticklish one.
44. It always gets you down.
45. The position of follow-up.
48. Increase by three.
51. A line-up.
53. Strictly personal.
54. It's the old story.
57. A sharp punch.
59. One of the three cheers.
60. Half hidden.
61. A rounder.
63. Simpleton.
65. A great talker.
66. A date of note.
67. Nearly always a lady.
68. A shot in the arm.
70. A slow French delicacy.
72. A slight inclination.
73. Bird houses.
75. Common sense.
77. Made a stand.
78. In between.
79. There's beer on this.
81. A seasonable leaf.
82. One way to eat oysters.
84. Faced it down.
86. A forward way.
87. A cheap guy.
88. A big kitty.
89. Comes with being pale.
91. In a fog.
92. One indefinitely.
93. All filled up.
95. A slight number.
96. It's just divine.
98. Take a step.
100. Rent.
101. A young one.
102. The red ruler.
104. In a fight this flies.
106. It's sensational.
108. Indeterminate mass.
110. An issue.
112. Half of this is foolish.
113. That's funny.
115. This makes easy sledding.
116. A cast.
118. It regards the future.
120. The pause that refreshes.
122. A big national contest.
123. Scatter.
125. On the trail it's close.
126. The last of the reapers.
128. Noise about.
129. It's a promise.
130. A soothing powder.
131. A loading zone.
133. Expressionless when dead.

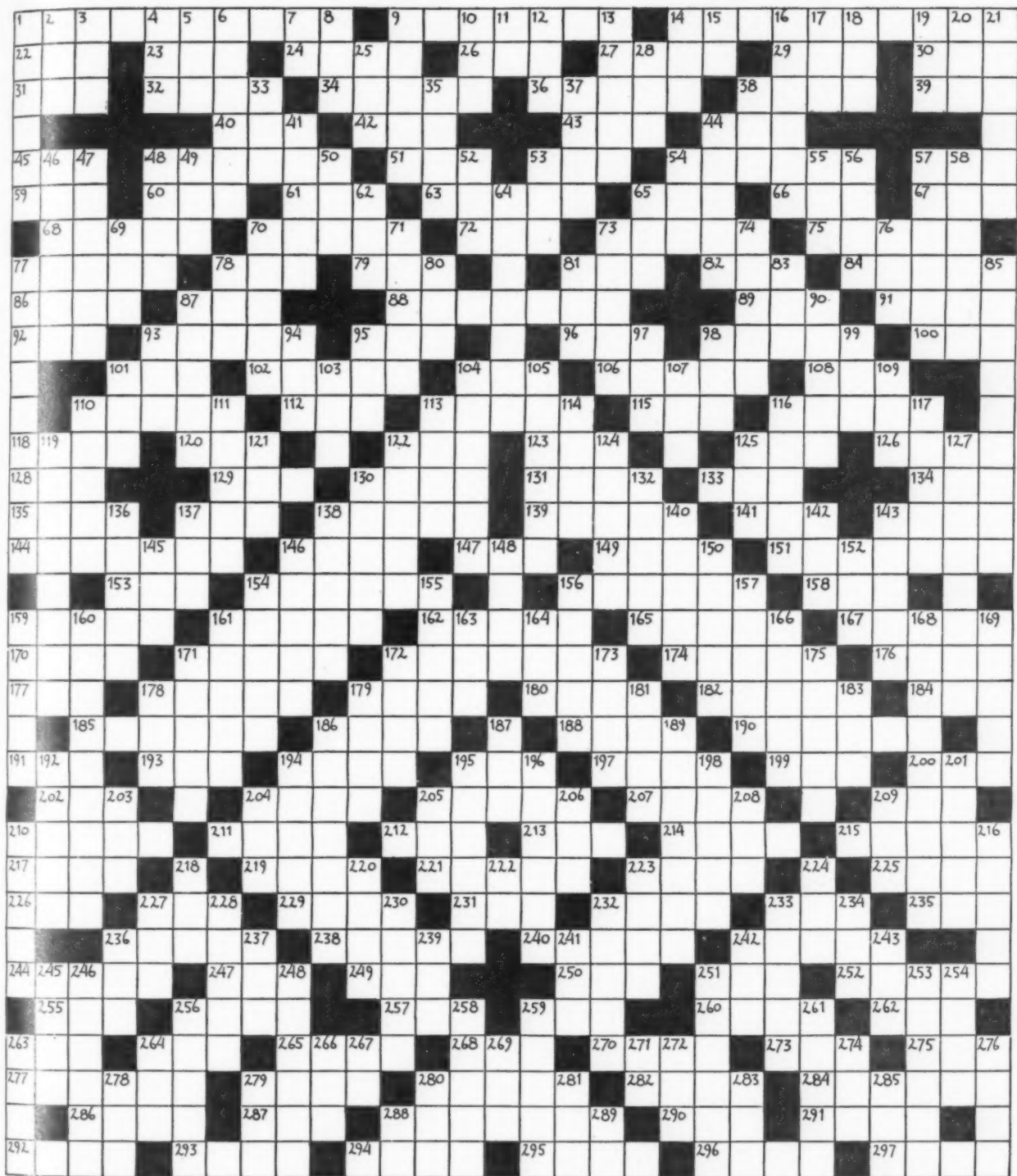
134. Half of 11.
135. In the plural a fetter.
137. Safe at first.
138. Every one has a bore.
139. A big tip.
141. A slight spasm.
143. Knock out.
144. Watch your step.
146. Better than never.
147. Look here.
149. An after piece.
151. What's inside.
153. Light bedding.
154. A risky thing.
156. To make allowance.
158. This is a stickler.
159. It makes no difference.
161. The warning whistle.
162. No go.
165. No time at all.
167. Right in the nose.
170. Sparklers.
171. Teachers' grades.
172. Light reading matter.
174. Deep brown.
176. A crown.
177. Cleopatra's bosom companion.
178. These start at scratch.
179. College boys love this.
180. Under hand.
182. General indications.
184. A drink for two.
185. Treated roughly.
186. Fence partners.
188. Made for head-on collision.
190. The last thing in living.
191. Always against the will.
193. Put to it for rest.
194. All out.
195. Kept when silent.
197. All in fun.
199. Old fashioned carriage.
200. Under cover.
202. It's supposed to be hot on the track.
204. Something of light importance.
205. Too true to be good.
207. Puzzle the brows.
209. Not in the least exclusive.
210. Dear to nobody.
211. A little heated.
212. It keeps the wheels turning.
213. Snap up.
214. Shifty thing.
215. Just off the track.
217. Don't do it with money.
219. Starts on the hoof.
221. One to grow on.
223. The first thing in culture.
225. It's found under flowers.
226. This takes skill.
227. A seed carrier.
229. A high hatter.
231. Seer.
232. This just slipped.
233. Something crazy about this.
235. Before everything.
236. A precious little.
238. A sign of character.
240. Not so slow.
242. This is alimentary.
244. A remainder.
247. The most dangerous rule.
249. It's not right to do.
250. There's an opening here.
251. Day light.
252. Sloppy.

255. Shem's kid brother.
256. A trifle more than a mop.
257. Piece out.
259. Outfit.
260. Cut it short.
262. Crooks always pull this one.
263. Weaken.
264. Shakespeare's father had one.
265. A nice way to be.
268. A bender.
270. Something loose around the women.
273. Fast time.
275. Furniture mover.
277. Three means of support.
279. Just before five.
280. Right at home.
282. Not barefooted.
284. A car barn.
286. The bare facts.
287. A model of industry.
288. A healthy spring.
290. Me to you.
291. All excited.
292. Jenny, famed for singing.
293. A way with the ladies.
294. Sight.
295. It's death on this always.
296. No credit to you.
297. A slight depression.

VERTICAL

1. A loud confusion.
2. One way to say no.
3. This way lies madness.
4. Usually in the hatch way.
5. Keep up the pace.
6. Trapped.
7. White plague.
8. This is agreeable.
9. A bum one.
10. Pie for the kiddies.
11. To be and not be.
12. A kind of profit.
13. Still in the ether.
14. A steady line.
15. A legal thing.
16. Spotted on.
17. Ash can.
18. Something done.
19. Not quite nice.
20. Head.
21. Talk turkey.
25. A dirty pen name.
28. It's a gift.
33. A bath.
35. One of the old schools.
37. A riot of fun.
38. Nap on the floor.
41. For gentlemen only.
44. Waste space.
46. Catch on.
47. Beyond the fact.
48. A dull one.
49. On edge.
50. A certain time.
52. Come out ahead.
53. Fine.
54. Hang back.
55. A regular jaw-breaker.
56. Not at all quick.
57. The level of the stars.
58. This is an old one.
62. A mere trifle.
64. Cure-all.
65. Walking into danger.
69. Balderdash.
70. Lined up.
71. Traditional flower holder.
73. "Silent Night".
74. Cut wood.
76. Not very pleasant.
77. Fitful.
78. A dense covering.
80. A mountaineer father.
81. Try to get it.
83. A comic.
85. This is no help.
87. A boat house.
90. After dark.
93. Dine.
94. A wee drop at dawn.
95. Get together.
97. You'll miss this one.
98. Baby's little protector.
99. Not even this.
101. Study.
103. Something lively.
104. Driving energies.
105. Naughty, naughty.
107. A taking way.
109. A dangerous step-in.
110. An even course.
111. Pick flaws.
113. Paid to be polite.
114. A lucky strike.
116. A big build-up.
117. Penned down.
119. Astounding actions.
121. A small home brewer.
122. Fish food.
124. Refuse.
125. The over head.
127. Flood.
130. A great big fellow.
132. Long.
136. Loves at college.
137. A little shelter.
138. Brings down the house.
140. These aren't good until old.
142. This has corns on it.
143. Hold-up in the subway.
145. No friend of yours.
146. They are all in fun.
148. The worst possible thing.
150. What King George does in England.
152. A woman devoted to good.
154. Engaged.
155. This places you.
156. A nut.
157. Not so hot.
159. Repeated.
160. No idea of waiting.
161. What heroines always get.
163. Good for nothing.
164. Taken in swimming.
166. Mortifying.
168. A revolver.
169. A new one on life.
171. Hoarder.
172. Just a jot.
173. A rough facial treatment.
175. Fantastic.
178. The center of things.
179. Life in the open.
181. This strengthens the calves.
183. Let down.
186. A remark in passing.
187. A big cask.
189. This is pretty weak.
192. Not this one.
194. Troubles.
195. Socker.
196. The way it's done.
198. Make the concession.
201. The berries of a drink.

Life



203. Fill in.
 204. Room for experiment.
 205. In a large way.
 206. Comes between man and boy.
 208. Thread into a design.
 209. Jack of all work.
 210. Social distinction.
 216. Rough stuff.
 218. Known by its low sound.
 220. Up front.
 222. A nautical agreement.
 223. A hair-cut.
 224. Done twice it's a dance.

227. Make it snappy.
 228. Low spirit.
 230. Took off.
 232. Little quarrels.
 233. Born to this.
 234. A stopper.
 236. Preserve.
 237. Slice.
 239. Bother.
 241. Last thing to ask a lady.
 242. Dirty dog.
 243. This stands for you.
 245. Burn.

246. Pillage.
 248. Scram!
 251. Room for improvement.
 253. A wild one.
 254. A party line.
 256. It's just perfect.
 258. Hard wood.
 259. The high lights.
 261. Without true faith.
 263. Fret.
 264. All gone to grass.
 266. After the third time.
 267. Else.

269. High sign.
 271. The same.
 272. Dodge.
 274. Made to be funny.
 276. Trim.
 278. Low comedy.
 279. The cooler.
 280. At the tip of your tongue.
 281. In front of behind.
 283. Two musical.
 285. Part of the tackle.
 288. This comes before printing.
 289. A short look.

ARE YOU SURE?

(Continued from page 39)

38. Stanley Steamer was:
✓ ball player Mark Twain's first packet
automobile revivalist clam oven
first man to enlist in Civil War

39. The word "effete" is correctly used in one of these:

He sat at the effete of the mighty.
✓ Today, Nero the lion, is old and effete.
"Your party was so effete, my dear!"
"Shirley Temple is effete, isn't she?"

40. In the event of the resignations of President Roosevelt and Vice-President Garner one of these officials would become President of the U. S.:

Postmaster General Secretary of Treasury
Speaker of House ✓ Secretary of State
President of Senate Secretary of Labor

41. "The Nation's Host From Coast to Coast" is used by:

United Airlines ✓ Statler Hotels
Pullman Co. Childs Restaurants
Lincoln Highway Crane Plumbing Co.

42. One of these does not contribute to milady's beauty aids:

Lady Esther Dorothy Gray
Elizabeth Arden Richard Hudnut
✓ Lily Pons Harriet Hubbard Ayer

43. Gar Wood is:
weight-throwing champion English author
American painter ✓ speed boat champion

44. Newspaper gossip has long linked the name of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and:
Dorothy Dix ✓ Gertrude Lawrence
ZaSu Pitts Ina Claire Barbara Hutton
Katharine Cornell Evangeline Booth

45. Children's doctors are formally known as:

obstetricians polemicists ✓ pediatricians
academicians morticians neo-Titians

46. The Vice-President during the Harding administration was:

Cox Knox ✓ Coolidge Roosevelt Bryan
Hughes Curtis Whitney Schmaltz

47. One of these is not a publishing company:

Harcourt, Brace Simon & Schuster
McGraw-Hill ✓ Covici, Friede
Erwin-Wasey Farrar & Rinehart

48. "Refractory" means:
school dining hall error part of church
obstinate ✓ bent beam of light music room

49. "Give me liberty or give me death" was said by:

✓ Patrick Henry Nathan Hale Thomas
Jefferson Abraham Lincoln Paul
Revere Ethan Allen Jimmy Walker

50. Adolph Ochs was famed as the publisher of:

Chicago Tribune Des Moines Tribune
✓ New York Post Los Angeles Times
New York Times Denver Post

Number of correct answers.....
Multiply by two for score.....
(Answers on page 51)

SCRAMBLED STATE CAPITALS

Two of the capitals below are already solved. Can you unscramble the other 46?

CITY	STATE
1. Tomgerynom:	Alabama
2. Enneyche:	Wyoming
3. Banyal:	New York
4. Miaploy:	Washington
5. Novidrecep:	Rhode Island
6. Gheilar:	North Carolina
7. Sonereffjity:	Missouri
8. Narffkrot: . Frankfort .	Kentucky
9. Mesesdino:	Iowa
10. Halkocitomay:	Oklahoma
11. Titleclork:	Arkansas
12. Essahatalle:	Florida
13. Erdnev:	Colorado
14. Tinsua:	Texas
15. Pastlu:	Minnesota
16. Leenah:	Montana
17. Lisopanna:	Maryland
18. Dorfthar:	Connecticut
19. Festana:	New Mexico
20. Sidamno:	Wisconsin
21. Noselratch:	West Virginia
22. Chomrind:	Virginia
23. Tierpelnom:	Vermont
24. Tallkeatcys:	Utah
25. Roncdoc:	New Hampshire
26. Tironsacy:	Nevada
27. Tantala:	Georgia
28. Sibeo:	Idaho
29. Hixnope:	Arizona
30. Tomencasar:	California
31. Dervo:	Delaware
32. Finripsgled:	Illinois
33. Dianaslipion:	Indiana
34. Cramskib:	North Dakota
35. Erpier:	South Dakota
36. Livleshan:	Tennessee
37. Lames:	Oregon
38. Bumcolia:	South Carolina
39. Burrgrisha:	Pennsylvania
40. Sublumoc:	Ohio
41. Notnert: . Trenton .	New Jersey
42. Connill:	Nebraska
43. Konjacs:	Mississippi
44. Sanglin:	Michigan
45. Uguasta:	Maine
46. Notsob:	Massachusetts
47. Naboutorge:	Louisiana
48. Pokeat:	Kansas

EIGHT LITTLE WORDS

In the ditty below fill in the eight blank lines with eight different words, each word being composed of the same six letters in different combinations.

Four ——— worked in an abbey grand;
Not one was ——— from the task at hand.
The first in open air pursued his toil,
A ——— he, who turned the fruitful soil.
The next, a smith, repaired a broken wheel;
With skilful hands, he ——— the shrieking steel.
The third, a teacher, on his pupils pounced

When Latin, Greek, they ———, and mispronounced.

The last his quilt ———; his needle flies.
Remain his ——— to patch, and ere he lies

Upon his cheerless bunk, its tattered ——— to mend,

And thus his daily chores and this, my tale, to end.

PARAPHRASED PROVERBS

(1) "Refrain from resorting to mathematics relative to your gallinaceous, feathered vertebrates preceding their evolution from the embryonic status."

(2) "A calculus substance which is subject to lateral oscillation accumulates no cryptogamous substance."

(3) "A feathered vertebrate reposing within the confines of the extremity of a human limb has a value equal to twice the number inhabiting a scrubby growth."

(4) "Enter into the state of connubity with celerity; undergo contrition throughout an extended and unoccupied period."

(5) "Those of the human family who are domiciled in vitreous places of abode are admonished against hurling petrified substances."

(6) "An agitation of the atmosphere which confers favors to none is detrimental."

(7) "The recompense of transgression of the Divine law is abandonment of a mortal from existence."

(8) "A measure of duration and the ebbing and flowing of an expanse of colorless, inodorous, transparent saline fluid grant stay in expectation to no member of the non-divine kind."

STATE CAPITALS (ANSWERS)

(1) Montgomery, (2) Cheyenne, (3) Albany, (4) Olympia, (5) Providence, (6) Raleigh, (7) Jefferson City, (8) Frankfort, (9) Des Moines, (10) Oklahoma City, (11) Little Rock, (12) Tallahassee, (13) Denver, (14) Austin, (15) St. Paul, (16) Helena, (17) Annapolis, (18) Hartford, (19) Santa Fe, (20) Madison, (21) Charleston, (22) Richmond, (23) Montpelier, (24) Salt Lake City, (25) Concord, (26) Carson City, (27) Atlanta, (28) Boise, (29) Phoenix, (30) Sacramento, (31) Dover, (32) Springfield, (33) Indianapolis, (34) Bismarck, (35) Pierre, (36) Nashville, (37) Salem, (38) Columbia, (39) Harrisburg, (40) Columbus, (41) Trenton, (42) Lincoln, (43) Jackson, (44) Lansing, (45) Augusta, (46) Boston, (47) Baton Rouge, (48) Topeka.

PROVERBS (ANSWERS)

(1) "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," (2) "A rolling stone gathers no moss," (3) "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," (4) "Marry in haste; repent in leisure," (5) "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones," (6) "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," (7) "The wages of sin is death," (8) "Time and tide wait for no man."

EIGHT WORDS (ANSWERS)

Padres, spared, spader, rasped, parsed, repads, drapes, spread.



For
**WIDE
OPEN**

spaces

or

crowded

traffic

places...

Next time

get Ethyl



ALWAYS LOOK!
Only pumps which
are identified by the
Ethyl trademark on
the globe or body
dispense gasoline
containing Ethyl
fluid.

3 FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GASOLINE

1. Pumps marked Ethyl contain the coolest fuel for summer use. That's because, by the action of Ethyl fluid, more of the potential energy of each gallon is transformed into engine power and less sent as waste heat into the cooling system, already battling high outside temperatures.
2. Ethyl fluid is needed to develop full perform-

ance by modern high compression cars every season of the year. It makes older cars, too, run better as carbon and mileage accumulate. That is why approximately 95% of all premium gasoline sold in the United States and Canada now contains Ethyl fluid.

3. Sufficient Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl

lead) is used to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries. The all-round quality of premium fuel so treated is protected by double inspection at the refinery and at the pump. To get all the power and pleasure from your car investment—NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES

CORK-TIPPED



Extra what?.. **EXTRA GOOD
FOR YOUR THROAT**

News flash! "The nation's throats were reported today to feel definitely cooler and refreshed as smokers in every State are swinging more and more to mildly mentholated KOOLS. Sales are at highest point in history. Smokers report instant refreshment from the very first puff and a worthwhile dividend in the B & W coupon in each pack good for a handsome assortment of nationally advertised merchandise." (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Write for **FREE** copy of illustrated premium booklet. **SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME PREMIUMS**



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

YOU'RE taking a vacation this year because you know not only how much fun it is but because a change of atmosphere keeps you from going stale, gives you a better outlook on life; is, in fact, essential for your well-being.

Vacations are even more necessary for children, especially city children, and, in the case of underprivileged youngsters, a two-weeks' holiday in the country is vital.

Thousands of New York tenement dwellers are beginning now to wonder if their children will be given a chance this year to know what the country is like, to live in the open, to eat wholesome food, to learn something of woodcraft, swimming, hiking and good citizenship.

Thanks to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund and the cooperation of several of New York's welfare agencies hundreds of children will be cared for at LIFE's two camps (one for girls, one for boys) this summer. Just how many children will enjoy this experience depends entirely upon LIFE's readers, for LIFE's Camps are supported by voluntary contributions (have been for 48 years), and we naturally look upon you, as a LIFE reader, to help continue a project that has proved its value mentally and physically to more than 57,000 underprivileged children.

The Fresh Air Fund is, in a way, like a daily newspaper. Each day a newspaper starts virtually from scratch and is built up to the complete paper you buy; next morning the process starts over again. Somewhat in the same manner LIFE's Fresh Air Fund starts in the Spring and builds through the Sum-

mer until the maximum number of children are accommodated; then, in the Fall, it finds its treasury practically empty, with little backlog on which to start operations the following year.

FIFTEEN dollars will send one boy or girl to camp for two weeks—not merely two weeks of play but of constructive recreation.

If every LIFE reader would help just a little—if only *half* of our readers would contribute something toward the maintenance of the Camps this year—the success of the 1935 program would be assured. And you as a contributor would have the satisfaction of knowing that your money, no matter how you might otherwise spend it, could not possibly buy so much or be so much appreciated.

Will you help?

+

For Your Information

LIFE'S Summer Camps (one for boys at Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Conn.) are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The Fund has been in operation for the past 48 years, in which time it has expended almost \$705,000.00, providing more than 57,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday. Contributions of any amount are welcome. If you cannot provide for one child, send in what you can afford. Your contribution will be added to by others and some child will be the beneficiary.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 60 East 42nd St., New York City. They will be acknowledged by mail immediately if the sender's address is given, and also later on in a printed list of contributors.



Near the girls' camp at Branchville, Conn.

FACULTY MINDS

"EXAMINATIONS are as harmful to the intellect as liquor and women."—*Prof. Welch, Physics, Bowdoin College.*

"We all have certain abilities. I, for instance, can wiggle my ears."—*Prof. Jos. A. Gengerelli, Psychology, U.C.L.A.*

"The business of a toastmaster is not to bore you with stories but to introduce to you some one who will."—*Dean Paul B. Lawson, Univ. of Kansas.*

"Bundling, quite prevalent in Puritan times, has been supplanted by the automobile."—*Prof. Harry Costello, Philosophy, Trinity College, Hartford.*

"To understand how difficult it is to hold a high political office, try straddling a fence with both ears to the ground."—*Prof. S. K. Stevens, History, Penn. State College.*

"There are no real universities in the South."—*Prof. L. W. Courtney, English, Baylor Univ., Texas.*

"The insane asylums are full of people of vision."—*Prof. Jenkins, English, Indiana Univ.*

"Corruption is necessary in order for government to function properly."—*Prof. Shearer, Political Science, Penn. State College.*

"P. G. Wodehouse is the best of the punk authors."—*Prof. Reese D. James, Journalism, Univ. of Penn.*

"The chairman of a national convention is a sort of intellectual bartender."—*Prof. Doerr, Political Science, Univ. of Mich.*

[Undergraduates are invited to contribute to this department. Two dollars each will be paid for acceptable items. Address Faculty Minds, care of LIFE.]



A good bartender
is one who has too much pride in his
reputation to use anything but genuine
Gordon's Gin when he mixes your Martini.



This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

Permit R-514

"STOP & GO"

(Continued from page 3)

Vanessa. Insufferable, overstuffed, midvictorian rubbish, despite good acting by Helen Hayes and May Robson.

West Point of the Air. Wallace Beery as a rehash of Wallace Beery in an airplane picture which is a rehash of all previous airplane pictures.

SPORTS

Paul Gallico

Crew. May 25, Philadelphia, Pa. A gay, colorful day of boat racing on the Schuylkill River, with some of the better college crews showing.

Prize Fight. May 28, Polo Grounds, New York City. Jimmy McLarnin vs. Barney Ross, for the welterweight championship of the world. The boys have fought twice before, each winning a disputed decision. They were pretty good fights, but they know each other's style too well now to offer much in the way of novelty.

Golf. June 6, 7, 8, Oakmont, Pittsburgh, Pa. The National Open Golf Championship. The course isn't tough enough, so they scrape ridges in the sand-traps. Three days of fun, excitement, miracle shots, bigger and louder locker room lies and a thirty-six-hole final day which is better than a ring-side seat at the graduation exercises of a State Wacky House.

Ponies. June 10, Brooklyn, N. Y. Opening of the Aqueduct Race Track. Something about shifting to a new race track that makes you think you are going to do better than you did at the last stand. This is an illusion. We merely print the date so that you won't make a mistake and go to Jamaica which will be closed.

Prize Fight. June 13, Madison Square Garden Bowl, Astoria, Long Island. James J. Braddock vs. Max Baer for the Heavyweight Championship of the World. Braddock, an overstuffed light-heavyweight was foisted on the Garden by the New York State Athletic Commission. He is a slow-motion fighter who doesn't hit hard enough to damage Baer and who has no more business fighting him than Shirley Temple has, and who will do about as well.

Tennis. June 15, Girls' Hard Court Championships, Berkeley, Cal. Some awfully good gal tennis players have come out of California. If you live in the neighborhood, you might drop in and discover the NEW Helen Wills. If you do, be sure to tell us about it.

Crew. June 18, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The Intercollegiate eight-oared shell regatta, the thrill boat race of the year. Seven or more crews fighting it out down the four-mile stretch. The

last mile from the bridge down, with the whistles of a thousand ships tooting, bombs bursting, and a hundred thousand people screaming is something you will never forget.

Baseball. Every day, everywhere. There isn't a better way to spend a lazy spring afternoon than to sit in the ball yard and heckle the players, especially now that you can drink beer with it.

Golf. June 24, Muirfield, Scotland, British Open Championship. I get a commission from the travel agencies for keeping this item in. But if you happen to be abroad, you'll get a kick out of seeing a golf course with more sand on it than Coney Island, and, besides, Sarazen said he was going over.

Prize Fight. June 25, Yankee Stadium, New York. Joe Louis vs. Primo Carnera, fifteen rounds. Just a quiet evening in the jungle. The new colored heavyweight sensation from Detroit debating with the biggest man in the world. Louis will state his side of it with a few well chosen punches. Do you like to see the big ones fall? Then don't miss this one.

Crew. June 25, New London, Conn. Yale vs. Harvard, eight-oared shells, four miles. Strictly social and no fun unless you know somebody who owns a yacht and has some pre-war Scotch and Rye. A two-shell race in which one of them usually wins by five lengths.

Amateur Boxing. July 2, Yankee Stadium, New York English Amateur boxing champions against the New York Golden Gloves team. International Golden Gloves brawl similar to the Revolution of 1776. Here come the British, bang, bang. . .

BOOKS

Kyle Crichton

Capitalism Carries On, by Walter B. Pitkin (*Whittlesley House*). Up to the usual Pitkin standard of inanity.

Chronicles of Barabbas, by George H. Doran (*Harcourt*). As a publisher who printed many books, Mr. Doran should have known not to show the world how far a second-rate intelligence can go in literature.

He Sent Forth A Raven, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (*Viking*). You will have to pardon me if I do not like this beautiful nonsense.

Judgment Day, by James T. Farrell (*Vanguard*). The Saga of Studs Lonigan reaches its end, with the death of Studs, a bewildered tough guy who is not so tough as he wants to pretend and who so fully represents the ordinary city young man as to be a complete report on the subject.

Leaders, Dreamers and Rebels, by Rene Fulop-Miller (*Viking*). One of the worst books in the history of the world.

Puzzled America, by Sherwood Anderson (*Scribner's*). As usual, Mr. Anderson sees everything, feels deeply and understands nothing.

Pylon, by William Faulkner (*Smith & Haas*). Before the great man knows it, he is going to be in the class of the Penny Horribles. A flying circus with not a sane person in the outfit.

Restless Days, by Lilo Linke (*Knopf*). The remarkable story of a sensitive German girl who lived through the War, the Inflation and the collapse of democracy of Germany. Proving anew that novels are weak and silly by comparison.

The One-Eyed Moon, by Marguerite Steen (*Little, Brown*). Against a Spanish setting, Miss Steen works out the old one about a man's choice—wife or daughter. Aurelio, Carmela, the actress, the child—ai-yi and ye gods. Must people keep on writing stuff like this!

Time Out of Mind, by Rachel Field (*Macmillan*). Another of the family novels, of which I am becoming tired. This one about an old Maine family. You'll see it in the movies.

RECORDS

About a Quarter to Nine. Sounds like *Why* to me. Ruby Newman. (*Victor*)

Got Me Doin' Things. Noteworthy because Dixie Lee shows that the family has more than one singer, and for the nifty electric guitar sweep in Orville Knapp's accompaniment. (*Decca*)

Living On Velvet. Adroit Johnny Green interprets movie music of the day in good fettle. (*Columbia*)

On the Night of June the Third. When Fiorito goes novelty he goes whole-hog into the cornfields. (*Brunswick*)

Restless. One of the new crop well printed by Hal Kemp's apt bunch. (*Brunswick*)

Rhythm of the Rumba. We're good and late on this one but it merits comment on its neat mixture of the Cuban with the Yankee. Lud Gluskin on *Columbia*.

What's the Reason. Guy Lombardo. One of the worst records in the history of the industry. (*Decca*)

When Icky Morgan Plays the Organ. No wonder some people are abashed at popular music. This one played by Clark Randall's hot men of lukewarm quality. (*Brunswick*)

With All My Heart and Soul. A small, picked, swing bunch under the xylophoning Red Norvo make pleasantly smouldering music. (*Columbia*)
J. A. T.

"GO" PLACES

(*Better Dress)

Biltmore. Shep Fields' music for supper dancing in the Supper Room. If you care



The Hotel
Ambassador
NEW YORK

Offers to visitors...A truly fine hotel...A distinguished address...A convenient location. Large luxurious single rooms from \$5.00...double rooms from \$7.00...suites \$10.




SUNSHINE AND SEA
Spacious Sun Decks—Large sunny rooms—old-time hospitality—Delightful Comfort—Health Baths—Dancing—Golf—Far famed Restaurants—American and European Plan

The TRAYMORE
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.
THE PRE-EMINENT HOTEL ACHIEVEMENT

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION

This is to certify that the average circulation per issue of LIFE for the six months' period July 1st to and including December 31st, 1934, was as follows:

Copies sold	110,046
Copies distributed free	2,949
Total	112,995

Signed—CLAIR MAXWELL
(Publisher)

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 30th day of January, 1935.

JAMES DUKE STOCK

Notary Public, Queens Co. No. 1776, Reg. No. 5458
Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. 445, Reg. 5-8-263
Commission expires March 30, 1935

(NOTARY'S SEAL)

for exhibition dances, Florence and Alvarez are good.* 43rd and Madison.

Colonnades, Essex House. You've heard Glen Gray and his orchestra over the air enough to know how good he is. Supper dancing.* 160 Central Park South.

El Morocco. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Nano Rodrigo's rumba band.* 154 East 54th.

Greenwich Village Inn. Two dance floors. Good food. Inexpensive. 5 Sheridan Square.

House of Lords. Beverly Roberts sings rather well, Walter Lynch scampers up and down the piano keyboard, and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays pleasingly. Supper.* 12 East 54th.

Park Lane. Dinner and supper dancing in the summer gardens. Mitchell Schuster's music.* 48th and Park.

Park Central. Coconut Grove. Pretty lively, good floor show, not expensive. 56th and 7th.

Place Piquale. Very smart, gay, crowded. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Joseph Zattour's tango band, with entertainers.* 201 West 52nd.

Plaza. Pleasant dancing to Emil Coleman's band, with Rosita and Fontana demonstrating steps.* 58th and 5th.

Rainbow Room. A sixty-fourth floor show-place with Jolly Coburn's music and a pretty elaborate floor show. If you have no care for money and like revolving dance floors.* Rockefeller Center.

Roulette. You'll recognize the old Merry-Go-Round in spite of its new decorations. Good music by Val Olman. Sheila Barrett and Paul Draper are first class.* 146 East 56th.

Savoy-Plaza. The Cafe Lounge is really stunning and Bob Grant's music is more than presentable for supper dancing. Dwight Fiske singing.* 58th and Fifth.

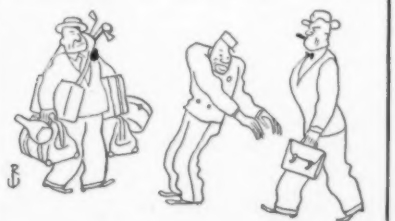
St. Moritz. Leon Navara playing in the Continental Grill, with dancing by Maurine and Norva. 50 Central Park South.

St. Regis. Johnny Green's supper dance music in the Tropical Roof Garden. Root and Minor dance while Marjory Logan sings. Jules Lande plays in the Egyptian Room at the cocktail hour. 55th and Fifth.

Tony's. Big wigs, big shots, tycoons and shoguns of all types and degrees meet here very late to eat and drink and be gaped at. Not a dance place. 59 West 52nd.

Versailles. As smart a place as there is at present. Helen Morgan as Helen Morgan. Joe Smith and Rodriguez have bands.* 151 East 50th.

Waldorf-Astoria. Two complete shows and two orchestras (Henry King and Xavier Cugat) in the Empire Room. Elaborate and late and good.* 49th and Park. —I. D. T.



WATCH YOUR STEP!



A RATTLER WARNS— ATHLETE'S FOOT DOESN'T

YOUR chances of meeting the fellow in this picture are, probably, not many. His nerve-jarring *whir-r-r* is confined to few localities. But, spread through every state in the Union, in homes and in clubs, is a dreaded fungus which lies in wait for your unwary barefoot step.

A threat in your own home

This fungus spins its invisible web of misery across your path. It chooses the very places you go for cleanliness: your own bathroom, the decks of swimming pools, diving boards, shower baths at gym or club.

You step unknowingly on the web

And, shortly you notice itching between your toes. White blisters appear. Excessive moisture, redness, swelling, pain—any of these signs may mean you are a victim of Athlete's Foot.

But—speed in treatment will rescue you

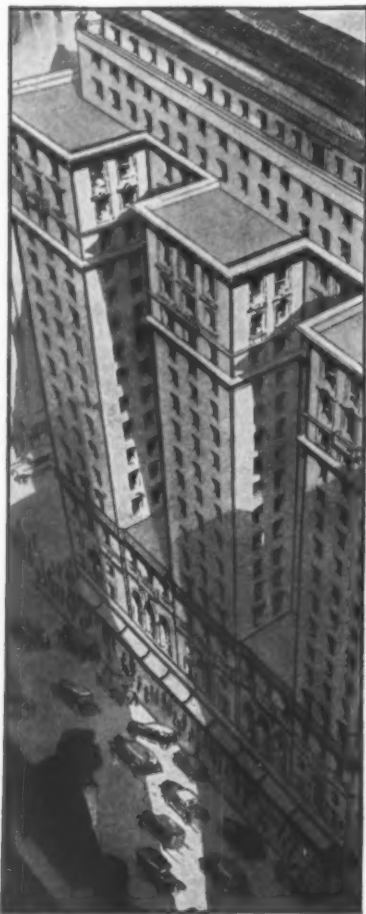
Once *tinea trichophyton* (the fungus) has imbedded itself deeply, dire results and a long hard job are ahead of you. But—tests by a famed laboratory prove that within *thirty seconds* after it has penetrated to the fungus, Absorbine Jr. kills it and with it the menace.

Inspect your feet every night, especially during warm weather. At the first sign douse on cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. night and morning. Do not stop treatment until all danger is past. Boil socks fifteen minutes to prevent reinfection. Remember, it's really thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

at all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness and SUNBURN



A distinguished New York hotel for people who desire good taste in their manner of living

An unrivalled location amid the smart shops of Fifth and Madison Avenues

Connected with Grand Central Terminal and the Subway system by a covered passageway

Moderately priced for long or short leases. A minimum of \$4 single and \$6 double for transient guests

—•—

You will be agreeably surprised at the values

The ROOSEVELT

Bernam G. Hines, Manager
Madison Ave. and 45 St., NEW YORK
A UNITED HOTEL

QUEERESPONDENCE

ONE of the first things our office guide shows a visitor (besides the exit door) is this department's Little Daisy Paper Converter, as efficient a machine as its inventor, Mr. Ralph Peters of Detroit, ever conceived. Its function is to convert identical Queer-response into paper panties for lamb chops, or, by a simple adjustment, into those long strips that fall out of a newspaper into your lap.

This machine is operated without malice or prejudice; its use is confined to those queries which, though excellent in themselves, have been delivered to this bureau (we use a bureau instead of a desk; it has more drawers in it) so often that it would be impossible to credit any one source. In this classification are questions dealing with the improbability of a garden fan raising flora even remotely resembling those pictured in a seed catalogue, doubt as to whether duplicate prizes have ever been awarded in a prize contest, and concerning such human frailties as failing to find a blotter before the ink dries, discovering that a toothache disappears in the dentist's reception room, and looking around, after a nasty spill on the sidewalk, to see who has observed it.

Queries that escape both the Jumbo Model wastebasket and the Little Daisy Converter are more on the order of those received from Mr. E. D. Foskey of Bamberg, S. C., and Mr. C. F. Richardson of New York City, both of whom raise objections to certain practices of the movies. (Don Herold does, too, on page 28, and we're for him.) "Has any professional detective," asks Mr. Foskey, "working regularly on a job, ever solved a mystery in a movie thriller?" And Mr. Richardson wants to know what movie producers would do without the dog-eared phrases, "I understand" and "I don't understand."

To answer the first query, it is entirely contrary to cinematic laws to permit a professional detective to unravel a mystery. The murder is *always* solved by a meek and usually

comic individual who never took even a correspondence course in sleuthing, and who is looked upon by the rest of the cast as an oaf. But you know all this. You also know (to go on with our caviling) that locked doors, locked windows and locked desks are so much Swiss cheese in a mystery film. Someone is always saying, "But how could he escape (enter) through the door (window)—it's locked!" or "But who got into the desk—I have the only key!" Pooh! A movie maurader can go through a four-foot concrete wall without leaving a trace, if it helps the story.

AS to Mr. Richardson's query, no one has yet found a substitute for "I understand" or "I don't understand," or, if a new line has been written, you may be sure the producers have bought up and junked it. But we do hope the day will come when some producer will revolutionize the industry by permitting a misunderstood hero who cries, "But darling, I can explain!" to *explain* to the heroine, fully and on the spot, thus eliminating that effete feminine classic, "You needn't explain—I know all!" Bang! (Sound of door closing rapidly.)

Incidentally, we'd give hearty ejaculations to any film magnate who lets a



"You must think I'm a regular old gossip!"

month go by without producing a flying picture. At the present time they all seem to have flying-ants-in-the-pants. But what can you expect from men who think that Tallyrand is a bubble dancer?

MR. E. E. Johnson, of Los Angeles, sent us scurrying to our files with his query, "Has any construction job ever been completed at the time announced on the signs?" The files proving inadequate we called the local labor union and were informed by an irate official that construction jobs are not supposed to be finished at the time specified on the signs and what were we—dopes?

Under questioning the official stated that their prize dilatory contractor was an Italian named Guiseppe Rome, who was born and razed in New York and who had such a heavy beard that he was often heard to remark that a four-in-hand outside was worth two under the brush. Rome was so good at delaying construction jobs that sign painters had to change only the year on his signs. His most famous announcement, "This Building will be Completed on or about June 1, 1928," was changed to 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932 and 1933 before the job was completed, and the man for whom he was



putting up the building burned while Rome fiddled.

Last year, however, some of Rome's sub-contractors finished a job on schedule, and the builder, his spirit and his English broken, is in such bad health today that his friends say he is only as sound as a dollar.

This leaves just space enough in which to reply to the query from Seymour K. Grossman of Cedarhurst, Long Island: "Did anyone ever succeed in unwinding the wrapper of a colored pencil without hacking it into a jagged mess?"

The answer is, of course, of course not. A paper-wrapped pencil that would unwind easily would last too long to suit the manufacturers, who are not, certainly, in business for their health. Come to think of it, they aren't in business for *your* health, either, because by the time you've taken the patience to unwind a pencil without cutting it with a knife you're in a fair way to contract palsy, which is only two degrees worse than palsy-walsy, one of the worst afflictions that ever crept into our language.

Questions should be addressed to Queerrespondence, care of LIFE. Five-dollar checks for those used will be promptly mailed.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

CONTENTS NOTED

(Continued from page 37)

(Vanguard), the last volume of the Studs Lonigan trilogy by James T. Farrell. Mr. Farrell in Cadogan Square would seem as out of place as Studs Lonigan in the Union League Club and it is hardly likely that Mr. Doran, in his active days of publishing, would have cared for either.

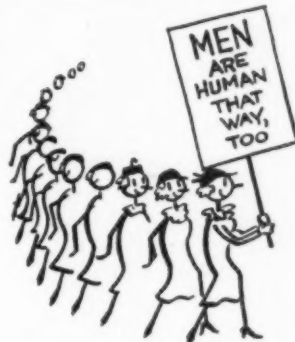
In Farrell's earlier books, it was Studs and his gang, proud of their toughness, yearning always for the romance which would come from winning the mailman's wife and generally acting as mean and scurvily and human as any similar bunch of city boys. In *Judgment Day*, Studs has grown up and is worrying about death as much as about life. He wants to get married, he wants to get ahead like his pals who are now in politics or business when they are not in jail, he loses his last money in utility stocks. He is a bewildered and pathetic figure. He no longer makes the pretense of being Al Capone or John Dillinger; he is content to

have a little happiness out of life, if happiness is possible for a punk like him. Finally he dies, with nothing settled, with nothing gained—a product of the city streets and its tragedy.

READING Sherwood Anderson's *Puzzled America* (Scribner's) is a form of penance for me. I once swore by Anderson, feeling that his qualities of sympathy and frankness were to be the salvation of American letters, but I find now that his softness is nothing but softness and his sympathy is profound but wasted. I am no longer sure that he is near the heart of America and he is certainly not near the brain. He is still feeling and yearning and walking through dark streets communing with the soul of man but he is just as resolutely failing to see what is before him. It dispels my final illusion: That sincerity is better than nothing. It isn't.

(For other comments see page 46)

little ad-ventures by don herold



If women could vote on this

Here's a matter on which The Literary Digest or somebody ought to take a poll or a straw vote.

The result would be millions of unanimous "yes'es" from women the world over.

Should men use Mum?

Stenographers and secretaries would vote two yes'es apiece. Wives would get up torchlight parades in favor of it. Dancing partners would march in a body to Washington, D. C., to demand it. This is one type of relief which ALL women would welcome with a shout.

Women have been using Mum for years. They know what it will do. And now a lot of men are growing civilized, too. Many druggists now report 1 out of every 4 Mum sales to men.

Of course if there were nobody but men in the world, maybe a certain menagerie effect would be all right—but in a world which is half woman's, man ought to watch these niceties of life.

Mum is a pleasant, fragrant, stainless cream which acts as an all-day deodorant of underarm perspiration (without blocking perspiration, mind you). Each morning before you dress, use two touches underarm, and also some to keep your feet happy and your hose and shoe linings fresh. Repeat, if you wish, before an evening out.

Some men say "Aw shucks, I bathe every day." Brother, a bath lasts about half an hour when it comes to what I'm talking about, but Mum lasts the whole day. I can remember when gents who shaved every Saturday thought they shaved.

I'll tell you what: try a free sample of Mum first. You can get one by writing your name and address on the margin of this page and sending it to Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. G-65, 74 West St., New York City.



Only **\$2.50**
for an outside room with
bath, shower and radio
**at the HOTEL
MONTCLAIR**
and just \$3.50 for two persons



● One of New York's largest and newest hotels containing 800 outside rooms. Located in the center of the world's greatest business-shopping district — the Grand Central Zone.

DISTINCTIVE SEASONAL FEATURES

● *Casino-in-the-Air*—New York's largest open air roof of floral terraces—where all meals are served during summer season.

● *Upper Sports Deck*—where guests can take a sun bath in a bathing suit or enjoy deck sports. ● *Famous Orchestras*—Dancing ● *Terrace Cafe-Deck Chairs*. ● Breakfast from 30c. Luncheon, 65c and ● Dinner only \$1.25.

HOTEL MONTCLAIR

Lexington Avenue at 49th Street
New York City
GRAND CENTRAL ZONE

AUNTIE WAS A LADY



SHE wasn't really our aunt. We just called her that to make things chummier because she was taking us to Europe, and besides she was an old friend of the family. In some ways Aunt May was the perfect travelling companion. She'd been abroad dozens of times, and knew just where to go and how to get there. She was a magnificent packer. She could fold up a six weeks' wardrobe in such a way as to get it all in one medium sized suitcase with plenty of room left over for shoes, and nothing ever came out mussed. She spoke nothing but English, but she was able to make herself understood almost anywhere simply by fixing the subject with a steady gaze and speaking slowly, distinctly and rather loudly. I've never seen it done successfully by anybody else.

She did have one or two drawbacks. She was the slowest eater in the Western Hemisphere. It wasn't that she ate so much, but what Aunt May ate she always, as she put it, chewed very thoroughly. On account of this habit we had to rise before daybreak if we wanted to get off early for a day's sight seeing. And it was especially bad in England, at tea time, for by the time Aunt May had masticated her crumpets the afternoon was practically gone.

She was funny about museums. She felt quite comfortable at the British Museum but the others gave her the fidgets. At first we couldn't figure it out, but finally hit on the cause of the trouble: It was the statuary. She didn't object to things like the Venus de Milo at the Louvre, because Venus is off in a sort of private alcove; it was the men and women together that bothered her. "I know it's silly of me," she said, "but it just doesn't seem right."

Generally when we went to museums Aunt May would sit on a bench somewhere looking up at the ceiling or reading a book, but at the Luxembourg, where the main hall is lined with statues, we never even got her inside the door. "I'm sorry," she said firmly, "I just couldn't."

Then there was her money belt. Getting money from Aunt May was like

drawing it out of a savings account—you had to give two weeks' notice. She'd had an experience once with an Italian pickpocket who stole her purse and left her stranded in Venice, and ever since then she'd carried all her money except small change in a sort of Sam Browne effect which she wore under her girdle. Going shopping was quite a complicated business. Whenever we went into a store to make a purchase Aunt May would first look things over and decide what she wanted, then retire to "Femmes" to remove the required amount from her belt.

THE only time I ever saw Aunt May's peerless poise shattered was once in Paris. A friend had given her the address of a shop where they made the most beautiful wax dolls that walked and rolled their eyes, and she wanted to take one home to a small niece. We finally found it, Number Fifteen it was, I forget the name of the street; a barn of a place lined with mirrors and curtained off cubicles. A large fat man with a mustache greeted us. Aunt May told him we'd come to see some dolls. He shook his head; he didn't get it. Neither did his assistant, a large fat woman, also with a mustache.

"Doll! Doll!" said Aunt May walking jerkily and rolling her eyes. The proprietor looked hard at us for a minute, then shrugged his shoulders and made a remark to his assistant. "What did he say?" Aunt May asked me. I understand some French. "I think he said: 'The one for the arms, the other for the legs, perhaps,'" I interpreted. We looked at each other, mystified.

The assistant held aside the curtain of one of the cubicles and Aunt May entered. In a minute I was electrified by the sound of a terrific struggle. There were shrieks and the sound of a heavy body falling. The curtains parted and Aunt May came out like a shot, her hat askew and minus her skirt. "That creature," she panted, "tried to undress me!"

The gendarme, who had come running from the corner at the noise, explained the situation. It seems that Aunt May's friend had gotten her *rues* mixed. Number Fifteen was not a doll factory; it was an agency where they made tests of photographers models.

Aunt May always referred to that as her most harrowing experience, but you could tell that in a way it really pleased her very much.

—MARGE

\$10000 QUICKER for AD-JINGLES

here's your chance to
cash in on rhymes —
\$10000 for each jingle
used

IT'S A GOOD
OLD SPANISH
CUSTOM
TAKE YOUR MUG
AND BRUSH
AND BUST 'EM
!!!
BURMA-SHAVE

The manufacturers of
Burma-Shave (No brush—
No lather) desire to buy fif-
teen jingles for use on the
Burma-Shave signs next year.
\$1000.00 will be paid for each
jingle accepted. All jingles
must be in our hands before
August 1, 1935. Earn some
easy spending money, and
have a lot of fun doing it.

Send today for complete details
of contest and free manual on how
to write Burma-Shave jingles.
Burma-Vita Co., 2019 East Lake
Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Burma-Shave

NEXT MONTH:



Thomas Benton, distinguished
artist, will be represented in
"The American Scene" by
one of his latest paintings,
"Lord, Heal the Child",
depicting a Holy Rollers
meeting in South Carolina.

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York
Gentlemen: Please enter my subscrip-
tion for twelve months
at {enclosed herewith} \$1.50. (Cana-
dian and Foreign \$2.10.)

Name _____

Address _____

L-6

ARE YOU SURE?

(Questions on pages 39 and 42)

1. Maurice Chevalier
2. The largest state in the —
3. Blaine
4. Circus (not on the road this year)
5. "A slaughterhouse —"
6. Shirts ("Sanforized")
7. Train
8. San Francisco (but it's a long swim)
9. Fishermen
10. Book representing the Law
11. Idaho
12. Raptly they listened —
13. Athelete
14. U. S. Army (1924)
15. Mt. McKinley (Alaska)
16. Republican
17. Lachrymose
18. Crew races
19. Vassar
20. Auto race (maybe a dog fight)
21. Hitler
22. "And a goodly crowd —"
23. 85 ounces (16 to the pound)
24. Cherry red
25. Hooking (he might be cursing)
26. Mt. Vernon was not built —
27. Southeast
28. Edward
29. White Rock
30. KOM-parable
31. Mediterranean (they probably play it there, too)
32. Kidnaper (also kidnapper)
33. Sidney Smith
34. English Lord Privy Seal
35. Mislead by double meanings
36. Dish with brown crusted top
37. Lama (a Buddhist priest)
38. Automobile
39. Today, Nero the lion —
40. Secretary of State
41. Childs Restaurants
42. Lily Pons
43. Speed boat champion
44. Gertrude Lawrence
45. Pediatricians (did you think they were foot doctors?)
46. Coolidge
47. Erwin-Wasey (adv. agency)
48. Obstinate
49. Patrick Henry
50. New York Times

ASTUTE ANALYSIS ITEM

(From the Williams Record, undergraduate newspaper of Williams College)

"The catering to the sly side-snecker, the laughter of the great unwashed at the sight of the near undressed . . . is the reason for the decline of Ballyhoo. . . . It is here where the New Yorker and Vanity Fair have avoided tripe and emerged triumphant."

IN FAMOUS CAFÉS ABROAD THE FAVORITE IS

Cora

THE ARISTOCRAT OF
VERMOUTHS

SINCE 1835



Two Styles—Cora
Italian Vermouth,
made in Italy;
Cora French (dry)
Vermouth.

TRY THE
CORA CONTINENTAL
Use highball glass—
1 jigger Italian, 1
jigger French, twist
of lemon peel drop-
ped in glass, lump of
ice, dash of seltzer.



Distributors: McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York

Spring

... and the
CAVALIER!

- Balmy weather and things to do make Spring the ideal vacation time here.
- Golf on two famous courses adjacent to the Hotel. Excellent stables and miles of rambling bridle paths. Indoor salt water pool. Trap shooting. Real "Old Virginia" cooking.
- Easily accessible by motor, train or boat. Book-let upon request.

N. Y. Booking Office
500 Fifth Avenue
Lackawanna 4-7111

Sidney Banks, Mng. Dir.

THE
AVALIER
HOTEL
VIRGINIA BEACH
VIRGINIA

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*



BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play... in any matter pertaining to your health. When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness...you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle...so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out. And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is...at our expense...just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
W65 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

+ SUCH IS LIFE +

YOU can easily be reminded of a famous paunchy lawyer and even a hungry woman juror in the picture, but when Donald Forward Freeman painted "The Enemy's Public" on pages 26 and



Don Freeman

27 he wasn't trying to capture the lunacy of the Hauptmann trial, but was reporting in paint the typical big criminal trial of today. In it he has crammed the pushing, mink-coated Park Avenue dame, the doe-footed telegraph boys, the square-shouldered state trooper, the red-frocked sex appeal witness, the radio broadcaster, flashlight news-snappers, sketch artists, pundits, and sob-sisters who make American trials the cockeyed carousels they so frequently are.

Don Freeman is an artist who would rather paint a bum lounging in the shadows of a village doorway than do the finest landscape. He is interested in people and all that they do, and he fills notebook after notebook with sketches of newsboys, panhandlers, and silk salesmen. Between days of wandering about the streets, talking and observing John Citizen, he earns his bread and butter doing pungent pen and ink criticisms of Broadway's stage offerings for the New York newspapers.

Freeman was kicked out of a San Diego art school for studying an anatomy book which the instructor mistook for a detective novel. He never went to college but instead, after finishing with a St. Louis military academy, tramped the country playing trumpet in jazz bands from Seattle to Miami.

He's twenty-six now and has frequently been named in gallery lists of the ten ablest American artists. In New York City he is a member of the Board of The Art Students League and on the Board of Directors of the Society of Independent Artists.

Notes on some other contributors: Margaret Fishback has announced her engagement... Parke (and Mrs.) Cummings back from a honeymoon in Bermuda... William Rose Benét is an associate editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*... Ogden Nash confused us by getting out an omnibus of his

verse a week after we announced that there was no such thing.

John Bonbright of Detroit has sent us a few samples (together with his comments) of what it takes to give proofreaders the jitters.

"Your hostess undoubtedly understands your position. . . . As soon as you can, invite she and her husband to your house."—Emily Post.

Be sure to include he.

"Here is the new Nash—almost three times the size of any previous one." (Advt.)

Don't be alarmed—it's only the 1935 Ogden as announced by Simon & Schuster.

"Camphor balls do not contain camphor. They are made of naphthalene."—Ripley.

That's why they are called moth balls. (Believe it or not, moth balls do not contain moths, and naphthalene does contain two h's.)

". . . street vendors sold miniature replicas of the famous kidnap ladder."—*American Mercury*.

Could you find out who made them? (Replica: a duplicate made by the same person who created the original.)

"And how did she get hold of the poison?" "That's the really clever part," said Mr. Clancy. "The girl's a snake charmer. She extracts the stuff from her favorite python."—From *Death in the Air*.

Very clever; but how did a python happen to be carrying poison?

Notes on our readers: Charles Wagner, 17, of Flushing, L. I., informs us that he scored a 92 "Are You Sure?" in April and a 96 in May. Until someone scores 100 and sends us a statement witnessed and stamped by a Notary Public, this is the last score we shall print. . . . An interested party in New London, Conn., gleefully informs us that Capt. James Lawrence did not utter the words "Don't give up the ship!" as stated in May's no. 11. Major Benjamin Russel, editor of the *Boston Sentinel* at the time, is now credited with having put the words in the mouth of Lawrence for newspaper effect. . . . Add apt descriptions: The lady with the Dionne chins.

—THE EDITORS